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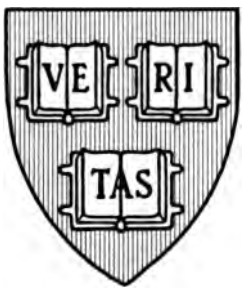

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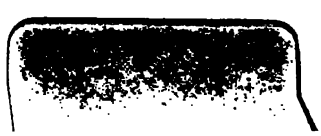

1770. RUTLAND 1870.

Centennial Celebration

OF THE

SETTLEMENT OF RUTLAND, VT.,

October 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th, 1870,

INCLUDING THE ADDRESSES, HISTORICAL PAPERS, POEMS, RESPONSES AT THE DINNER TABLE, ETC.

COMPILED BY

CHAUNCY K. WILLIAMS.

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JOHN CAIN,
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INDEX.

Addresses.
Alvord, Benjamin - 81
Butler, James Davie - 46, 89
Cain, John - 100
Dunton, Walter C. - 93
Griggs, J. Grafton - 101
Hall, Henry - 16
Nicholson, David E. - 81
Ripley, Wm. Y. - 15
Ripley, Wm. Y. W. - 80
Smith, Warren H. - 87
Tuttle, George A. - 96
Veazey, W. G. - 79, 119
Williams, Chauncy K. - 25

Aiken, Rev. Silas - 33
Antiquarian Museum, - 104

Ball, Rev. Heman—Notice of - 32
Baptist Church, - 38
Barrett, James—Response of - 78
Butler, James D.—Oration of - 46
Butler, James D.—Response of - 89

Cain, John—Response of - 100
Carpenter, Rev. A.—Notice of - 35
Catholic Churches, - 42
Century, The Dead (Poem) - 70
Circular of Invitation, - viii
Committees, - vi
Congregational Church, East Rutland, - 31
Congregational Church, West Rutland, - 27
Concert, Promenade, - 102
Cunningham, Rev. O.—Notice of - 39

Decorations, - 116
Dinner, - 78
Dorr, Mrs. J. C. R. (Poem) - 70
Drury, Rev. Amos—Notice of - 30
Dunton, Walter C.—Response of - 93

Early History of Rutland, - 16
Ecclesiastical History of Rutland, - 25
Episcopal Church, - 35

French Catholic Church, - 42
Fuller, F. A.—Response of - 78

Griggs, J. G.—Response of - 101

Hall, Henry—Address of - - - - - - - - - 15
Haynes, Rev. Arus—Notice of - - - - - - - - - 38
Haynes, Rev. Lemuel—Notice of - - - - - - - - 29
Hicks, Rev. John A.—Notice of - - - - - - - - 36
Hopkins, Rt. Rev. John Henry—Notice of - - - - - 36
Howard, Rev. Leland—Notice of - - - - - - - - 39
Howard, Rev. Roger S.—Notice of - - - - - - 37

Invitation, Circular of - - - - - - - - - viii

Johnson, Rev. J. G.—Notice of - - - - - - - - 34

Liberal Christian Society, - - - - - - - - - 43

Methodist Church, - - - - - - - - - - 40
Mills, Rev. Edward—Notice of - - - - - - - - 40
Mitchell, Rev. William—Notice of - - - - - - - 32
Museum, Antiquarian - - - - - - - - - 104

Nicholson, A. A. (Poem) - - - - - - - - - 95
Nicholson, D. E.—Response of - - - - - - - - 81

Officers of the Celebration, - - - - - - - - ii
Orange Parish, - - - - - - - - - - 34
Old Folks' Concert, - - - - - - - - - 44

Pavilion, - - - - - - - - - - 115
Poem—Butler, Rev. J. D. - - - - - - - - - 90
" Dorr, Mrs. J. C. R. - - - - - - - - 70
" Nicholson, A. A. - - - - - - - - - 95
Preliminary Proceedings - - - - - - - - - v
Procession, - - - - - - - - - - 76
Proctor, Rev. Hadley—Notice of - - - - - - - - 38
Promenade Concert, - - - - - - - - - 102

Ripley, Wm. Y.—Address of Welcome of - - - - - 15
Ripley, Wm. Y. W.—Response of - - - - - - - - 80
Rockwood, Rev. J. M.—Notice of - - - - - - - - 38
Roots, Rev. Benajah—Notice of - - - - - - - - 28
Rutland, Early History of - - - - - - - - - 16
Rutland, Ecclesiastical History of - - - - - - - 25

Seaver, Rev. Norman—Notice of - - - - - - - - 34
Sermon of Rev. Dr. Todd, - - - - - - - - - 3
Smith, Rev. Francis—Notice of - - - - - - - - 39
Smith, Warren H.—Response of - - - - - - - - 87

Thrall, Rev. S. C.—Response of - - - - - - - - 78
Tilden, Rev. L. L.—Notice of - - - - - - - - - 30
Todd, Rev. John—Sermon of - - - - - - - - - 3
Tuttle, George A.—Response of - - - - - - - - 96

Universalist Church, - - - - - - - - - 42

Veazey, W. G.—Response of - - - - - - - - - 79, 119

Walker, Rev. Aldace—Notice of - - - - - - - - 30
" " " Response of - - - - - - - - 87
Walker, Rev. Charles—Notice of - - - - - - - - 32
" " " Death of - - - - - - - - - 43
Welcome, Address of - - - - - - - - - 15
Williams, Chauncy K.—Address of - - - - - - - 25

PRELIMINARY PROCEEDINGS.

The propriety of celebrating, in a suitable manner, the one hundredth anniversary of the Settlement of the Town of Rutland, was the subject of frequent conversation for some time before any formal action was taken in the matter. Finally, in the month of July, the following notice, signed by several gentlemen, appeared in the Rutland Daily Herald:

THE CENTENNIAL OF RUTLAND.

The undersigned hereby invite the citizens of Rutland to meet at the Opera Hall this (Tuesday) evening, the 12th July, at eight o'clock, to consider the propriety of celebrating the Centennial Anniversary of the first settlement of our town, to appoint a committee of arrangements, etc.

The growth of Rutland, during the last one hundred years, from the wildness of nature to its present prosperity, the liability of losing much of the materials of our yet unpublished, early history; our own satisfaction, a regard for those who shall come afterwards, all suggest the eminent fitness of our appointing a family gathering of the sons and daughters of the town, when reminiscences of the past bubbling up from living memories, and culled from rare old books and manuscripts, shall cheer, thrill and delight alike the young and the aged; those whose homes are now here, and those whose homes are far, far away.

Let us leave our occupations for that evening, hear and confer together about that which arouses our memories of the past and our hopes of the future.

In response to this call, a large number of gentlemen assembled at the Opera House at the time designated, and organized by choosing William Y. Ripley, Chairman, and Chauncy K. Williams, Secretary.

The subject of an appropriate celebration of the Centennial Anniversary of the Settlement of Rutland was freely discussed, and a committee was appointed to make all necessary arrangements.

The Committee of Arrangements, as finally constituted, consisted of—

William Y. Ripley,	H. H. Paine,	Luther Hayward,
Chauncy K. Williams,	Chauncey Thrall,	Henry Hayward,
Henry Hall,	G. C. Hathaway,	Z. V. K. Wilson,
J. W. Cramton,	H. H. Baxter,	Charles Clement,
Henry Clark,	Francis Slason,	B. H. Burt,
John Cain,	Nahum Johnson,	Albert Landon,
Dr. L. Sheldon,	F. Chaffee,	Edward H. Ripley,
T. J. Ormsbee,	H. R. Dyer,	P. K. Osgood,
J. L. Billings,	William Gilmore,	Reuben R. Thrall,
A. H. Post,	B. R. Greeno,	Augustus Reed,
J. A. Salsbury,	B. F. Blanchard,	Azor Capron,
B. K. Chase,	Dennis Smith,	James Barrett,
J. N. Baxter,	J. M. Mead,	William Y. W. Ripley,
M. Goldsmith,	J. McConnell,	Charles H. Joyce,
R. Barrett,	L. Chatterton,	Jared Long,
G. A. Merrill,	Porter Howe,	Moses Hayward,
J. B. Page,	Moses Hawkes,	Jirah Vaughn,
R. R. Mead,	W. G. Veazey,	Amasa Pooler,
John H. Hazleton,	Alonzo Kelley,	John Strong,
Evelyn Pierpoint,	Joseph A. Deland,	S. W. Rowell,
Horace H. Dyer,	Luke Ward,	H. F. Field,
J. M. Hall,	E. Boardman,	Eli Farmer,
L. G. Kingsley,	Judson Gorham,	Isaac C. Reynolds,
Chester Kingsley,	Jacob N. Bailey,	Erastus Wells,
M. G. Everts,	J. G. Griggs,	John Engram,
Charles Sheldon,	Franklin Billings,	James B. Porter,
John A. Sheldon,	James L. Gilmore,	George Graves,
B. W. Marshall,	Walter C. Landon,	Alanson Dyer,
J. C. Dunn,	John Landon,	Judah Dana,
	Harry Mussey,	

This Committee organized by the election of William Y. Ripley, Chairman, Chauncy K. Williams, Recording Secretary, and Henry

Hall, Corresponding Secretary, and appointed from their own number an Executive Committee of thirteen, to whom they committed all the details of the celebration.

The Executive Committee consisted of William Y. Ripley, President; Chauncy K. Williams, Recording Secretary; Henry Hall, Corresponding Secretary; John Cain, Lorenzo Sheldon, Ben K. Chase, Horace H. Dyer, John M. Hall, Levi G. Kingsley, Geo. C. Hathaway, Henry R. Dyer, William Gilmore, and William Y. W. Ripley.

The Executive Committee, at one of their earliest meetings, appointed the following Sub-Committees:

Finance—John W. Cramton, Levi G. Kingsley, William Gilmore, Horace H. Dyer, John M. Hall, Henry F. Field.

Invitation and Reception—Henry Hall, George A. Merrill, Henry Clark, Edward H. Ripley, Charles Sheldon. To which were subsequently added, to assist in reception of guests, George A. Tuttle, William A. Burnett, Gershom C. Ruggles, Geo. H. Cheney, J. Grafton Griggs, William Y. Ripley.

Order of Exercises—John B. Page, William Y. W. Ripley, John N. Baxter, Charles Clement, Wheelock G. Veazey.

Relics—Lorenzo Sheldon, Ben K. Chase, James C. Dunn, R. R. Mead, Henry R. Dyer, Alpha H. Post, Albert Landon, Thos. J. Ormsbee.

Decorations—George C. Hathaway, Edward H. Ripley, B. W. Marshall, Frederick Chaffee, Henry F. Field, Chester Kingsley, R. M. Cross.

Salutes—Henry R. Dyer, Franklin Billings, Martin G. Everts, Chester Kingsley, Charles H. Joyce.

Music—John N. Baxter, Henry F. Field, John Strong.

Location of Tent, etc.—George C. Hathaway, Henry R. Dyer, Horace H. Dyer.

On Trades—N. L. Davis, N. F. Page, Newman Weeks, Albert H. Tuttle.

To Prepare Posters, etc.—Ben K. Chase, Chester Kingsley.

The Executive Committee met once each week, and some weeks twice, from the time of their appointment until the day of celebration, for the purpose of making and perfecting arrangements.

The following circular of invitation was issued and signed by the General Committee, and by the Sub-Committee of Reception and Invitation.

RUTLAND CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

To the former Residents of Rutland, Vt., and their descendants:

You are hereby cordially invited to attend and participate in the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the first settlement of Rutland, to be held the 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th days of October next. The order of exercises will be substantially as follows, viz.:

Sunday Evening, Oct. 2d.—Sermon by the Rev. John Todd, D. D., of Pittsfield, Mass., with appropriate music.

Monday, Oct. 3d.—Reception of Guests.

In the evening, Old Folks' Concert, at the Opera Hall, in ancient costume, with ancient music, vocal and instrumental.

Tuesday, Oct. 4th.—Visit to the Quarries, and other places of interest.

In the evening, Address by Henry Hall. Subject: "The Early History of Rutland." Address by Chauncy K. Williams. Subject: "The Ecclesiastical History of Rutland."

Wednesday, Oct. 5th.—Forenoon. Procession. Oration by Rev. James Davie Butler, LL. D., of Madison, Wisconsin. Poem by Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr. Dinner in the pavilion.

Afternoon—Toasts, responses, addresses, anecdotes, biographies, etc.

Evening—Fireworks, Promenade Concert.

It is desirable to know if your attendance is probable. Ancient documents and relics gladly received.

WILLIAM Y. RIPLEY, *President.*
CHAUNCY K. WILLIAMS, *Recording Secretary.*
HENRY HALL, *Corresponding Secretary.*

Rutland Centennial.

FIRST DAY.

The opening services connected with the Centennial Celebration of the settlement of Rutland took place at the Congregational Church, Sunday evening, October 2d, 1870. At an early hour the people began to assemble from all sections of the town, and from the neighboring towns, until the Church was filled long before the services commenced. At least fifteen hundred persons were seated in the audience room. In the arch, in the rear of the pulpit, were the figures 1770—1870, wrought in evergreens. The former, trimmed with stars of white, emblematic of the past, and the latter with stars of red, emblematic of the active, lively present. On the table, in front, were three beautiful boquets, and others were distributed about the desk, and rare plants decorated the pulpit, giving a pleasant, agreeable and cheerful appearance. Among these was particularly noticeable a "Century Plant," a beautiful and appropriate reminder of the Century, the completion of which was to be commemorated.

At 7½ o'clock the services were commenced by the rendering of the voluntary by the choir, accompanied by the children occupying the balcony, near to the orchestra, which lasted nearly half an hour.

Rev. James Davie Butler, LL. D., of Madison, Wisconsin, a native of the town, then read selections of Scripture, being

PSALM CXXII.

¶ A Song of Degrees of David.

1. I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.
2. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.

3. Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together:
4. Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.
5. For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David.
6. Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.
7. Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.
8. For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, peace be within thee.
9. Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.

The following hymn was then sung by the choir, being 363 of the Sabbath Hymn Book:

Lift up your heads, eternal gates!
Unfold, to entertain
The King of Glory; see! he comes
With his celestial train.

Who is this King of Glory—who?
The Lord, for strength renowned;
In battle mighty; o'er his foes
Eternal Victor crowned.

Lift up your heads, ye gates! unfold,
In state to entertain
The King of Glory; see! he comes
With all his shining train.

Who is the King of Glory—who?
The Lord of hosts renowned;
Of glory He alone is King,
Who is with glory crowned.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Aldace Walker, D. D., of Wallingford, formerly for many years the honored pastor of the Congregational Church in the West parish. He gave thanks that the fathers planted here in our history the institutions of religion, and that they had been bequeathed to the children even to our day, and for all the mercies vouchsafed to this people through these hundred years.

Dr. Walker then read the following hymn, (36 Sabbath Hymn Book,) which was sung by the choir:

Come, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his work and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

The venerable Rev. John Todd., D. D., of Pittsfield, Mass., a native of Rutland, then delivered an eloquent and instructive discourse, as follows:

DR. TODD'S SERMON.

You are aware, my friends, that your beautiful town, lying under the shadows of the Green Mountains, far above the tide waters—now just one hundred years old—famed for its beautiful scenery—the quiet home of intelligence, refinement, and all that makes life pleasant, is destined very fast to lose its old appearance and change its character. Enterprise has pushed business into it; wealth has been sleeping under your fields, waiting only for skill and labor to come with the mallet and chisel, and awaken it into beautiful forms, and it is fast becoming a new thing. The chrysilis state between a quiet town and a city is fast developing into a city—in name as well as in reality.

Your children will never remember the place as you have done. When the town began its existence, it early introduced an orthodox ministry, and also free schools. I want to take this occasion, of the birth-day of the town, to recall to your minds what the gospel has, through this and similar towns, done for the world, and lead your thoughts to look on the fact that here is a Christian mountain town, which, for one century, has been throwing out its influence—one town among the hundreds of similar ones in New England. I invite your thoughts to the sacred words found in

PSALMS LXXII: 3.

"*The mountains shall bring peace to the people.*"

It is remarkable that the mountains are brought into notice so often, while God was making His revelation to our world. Their hoary peaks were often illuminated by the Divine Presence, and were the places on which the Most High set his feet, or paused in His chariot of power. Your minds at once turn to them, as you see how flinty Sinai stands, as if awe-struck by what he had witnessed; as Pisgah looms up silent and solitary, the watcher over the Prophet's grave; as mighty Lebanon lifts up his huge form, which Moses pronounced "goodly;" and as Carmel looks off into the blue sea, still holding the spot in his shadows, where Baal and God met, and a nation was brought back from idolatry. You think,

too, of Tabor and Hermon—the latter, the spot on which spirits of just men made perfect, met the Son of God and talked of his death, which he was to accomplish at Jerusalem—while the glories of a deathless world surrounded him; of Olivet, over which His weary feet often trod, and from which, when His work was done, He went home. You are thinking of the mountains where he prayed all night—where no ear heard, but the ear of the Father; and you seem to wonder how it was that mountains seem to occupy so prominent a place in your Bible. To such places David fled from his persecutor, and in their caves and dens, those of whom the world was not worthy often hid, and in their solitudes, trembling piety had to pray and sing in a hushed voice.

Men have always loved mountains. Perhaps, the reason is to be found in our natural love for what is grand, mysterious, solitary and unknown. We all know that there is no rank vegetation on their sides to decay, and, therefore, the air that plays around their tops is pure; that the streams that come from their heights, tinkling like the sound of golden balls in a silver cup, are so clear that they remind us of the river of life; that the little lakes and reservoirs hid in the recesses of the mountains are the head-waters of fertility and beauty, as they grow into rivers; that every particle of the hard rock which the lichen gnaws out, rolls down to fertelize the land; that the mountains are the physical sources of peace, the barriers of invasion from hostile armies, and thus bring "peace to the people;" and we know they are sources of peace in a moral sense, in that the human mind cannot but feel the effects of their lofty grandeur,—the passions hushed in their solitudes and silence. Mountain people have ever been noted for the fleet foot, the strong, nervous, elastic form, the cheerful face, the bright eye, and the clear intellect. The last people with whom you would want to measure physical strength, or meet in battle, would be men who, from infancy, have breathed the mountain air. And in the intellectual and moral battles of life, they fall behind none. It is not the Swiss merely who long to return to their huge swelling Alps, and their deep, almost sunless valleys, but *all*, who have spent their childhood under the shadows of a great mountain, long, when absent, to return to them. You see but a part of the mountain, but the imagination rounds out the unseen side. You see only its outline, but you know that it has

rocks and caverns within, and the wild animals to creep, and the wild birds to sing, on its sides, so covered with its curtain of blue.

But our text looks to something higher yet. The mountains may fling their shadows over the plain where peaceful homes are nestling—where families may grow up untempted, and uncontaminated by vices, where the tastes may remain simple, where the mind may receive its first impressions from nature—and a beautiful manhood may be developed—but this is not all! The mountains where the Prophet saw, were gilded by the light of the latter day, and they become enobled, as does everything which the light touches. How everything on earth, or in the heavens, is enobled by this dispensation! The sparrows and the lilies are dignified into teachers. The coin in the fish's mouth teaches all natives that they must pay their taxes and support civil government. "The King's Son," spoken of in our Psalm, has but to call the fishermen from their little boats, and they became Apostles. He sends his messengers into heathenism, and turns and raises heathen into churches, to whom such profound Epistles as that to the Romans are addressed. His Gospel raises the poor and the lowly into disciples and martyrs and missionaries, and the feeble became as the house of David, and the house of David as the angel of God. It leads you to the manger to see *Him* whom the star points out. It takes you to the snows of the North, and to the burning sands of the Equator, and shows you noble men and women, counted by hundreds, who leave home and the comforts of civilization that they may tell the story of Redemption to the heathen. It creates a self-denial that knows no limits, even to the laying down of life.

If, then, the tendency of the Gospel is thus to raise and dignify *small things*, so that the little chest, called the ark, shall be held in everlasting remembrance—so that the soiled and weary feet coming over the mountains to bring peace, shall be "beautiful"—so that a cross of wood shall be more honored than all the carvings of art—so that volume containing God's words shall be *the* book of the human race, you will not then deem me perverting that text, if I lead your minds at this time to consider the blessings which the Gospel conveys to the world by and through a single mountain-town.

Many of our New England towns are one hundred years old at

least. Many of our western towns are fifty years old—others not half of that; but the time will come, when all this will be called the early history of our country, and all these cities and villages will seem to have been built at the same time, and the whole country settled together. What are a few centuries in a nation's life?

Now go back a century—when the white man plunged tremblingly into the forest, and came to the spot where the beautiful town now stands. His first object is to find a spring of water—near which he is to erect his little log cabin. There are no roads, but the trail of the Indian. There are no neighbors—no forests yet cut down, no fields sown, no mills to grind his food or saw his lumber; no trading post where he may relieve a want; no physician when he is sick; no school for his child; no property by which he can supply his necessities. His music is the ring of the axe, and the falling of the trees. The night is made more solitary by the hooting of the owl, and the scream of the wild beast. When he buries his dead, he himself must make the coffin, dig his grave, and without a bell to toll, or a minister to offer a prayer, he must bury the dead under the tall tree. The pioneer must struggle with poverty, take nature in the rough, let sunshine into his house and heart by his own industry and struggles. His food is the plainest, his dress is the simplest, his home the most humble, and the only thing that cheers him is hope, that his *children* will reap the benefit of all this self-denial. But the poor man brought his *Bible* with him, his education with him, his shrewdness with him, and his brawny arm and cheerful courage. He must live and die poor. But the light of the Gospel shines upon the first dwelling that is reared, and that becomes a controling power in all the future history of the town. Go there a century after this. That beginning has become a mighty power. The same old mountains lift themselves up there, but the forests are gone, the pleasant roads and bridges are all built, and a town, growing, thriving, prosperous, is there. The fields are under high culture, the meadows glow with beauty, and the town sits like a queen crowned with a wreath of beauty. The *sources* of her power, are the Church of God—the most prominent object which meets the eye of the stranger, a place of worship, bringing the mind into contact with the Infinite—a place

of conscience, where the awful, "thou shall not," rings into the ears of the soul—and a place of teaching and of thought, where the mental and moral faculties are made to nestle among the pillars of truth. Near by, the pride of the town, is the school-house—never forgotten—and lest one central light will not be convenient for all, these school-houses are erected all over town, so that no little child shall become foot-weary, and no child shall be deprived of the privileges of the free school. These are not heathen schools, nor infidel schools, but, so far the contrary, that the Bible is the standard of morality, and its words, like the dews of Heaven, fall gently upon the young heads. This free school is a mighty power, and it lifts every child up, so that he becomes an intelligent man.

Industry is another power. If any one thinks that the forest and the desert has been made to blossom as the rose, that all these beautiful homes, and these public buildings, the mechanics' shops have been erected, all this property accumulated, these factories put in motion, these objects of conveniences and refinement made common, without an industry that was untiring, increased and well directed, he knows little about it. The Christian home now stands where the bear lay down a century ago. Property is power, and property is the daughter of industry. The people own the land in fee-simple, till it with free labor, and, at night, having no theatre to compel by its glare and unholy excitements, they lie down under the shadow of the Most High. By this time, the town is surrounded by a cordon of similar towns, and having its centre, its churches, its free school, and its hum of industry. One town acts upon another; make an improvement in one—build a good school-house in one—do a generous, noble act in one place, and you electrify all that surround you. The example of what is good is seen and copied. Each town is a little Republic by itself, and the most perfect Republic in the world. Public sentiment settles everything, and these sister-towns act and re-act upon each other as diamonds are polished by diamonds.

Now, let us look at the *methods* by which the power of a mountain town "brings peace to people." It is sometimes thought such a place has no great influence, because it is small, obscure and unknown. But let us not forget the power of example. Let one atrocious murder be committed here—let one horrible deed be con-

summated here, and the report shall be transmitted all over the land. Rear a beautiful church, or any other perfect edifice here, and you will have men come from all parts of the land to view the model. Raise up a skillful surgeon here, and his fame will be known over half the continent. Educate an eloquent preacher here, and hundreds of churches will be turning their eyes towards him. Manufacture any one perfect article here, and it will go over the world (I may mention the name of Fairbanks, as an illustration). Make a model school, or strike out in any direction in that which is valuable to the world, and your town becomes a power. Scores of towns feel the influence, and while they may envy you, are very sure to imitate you.

Another means of power which such a town has, by which to bring "peace to the people," is by *slight but frequent contact.* Suppose the merchants in such a place are high-minded and fair, that public sentiment frowns on what is mean and contemptible, will it not have an influence far and near? You send upright and intelligent men to your Legislature, to your Congress, to your Conventions, to the places where public opinion is created, and laws are enacted, do they not carry and bring back an influence? Does Congress ask how large the village is in which the man resides who has the power to lead them, and stand or walk with any load cast upon him, whether it be praise or blame? Then, our people travel everywhere, see everybody, hear everybody, talk with everybody, and are being educated all the time, in the cars, at the watering-places, and then they come home, as the bees do, having collected something from every flower, and all to make the hive stronger. It is in these mountain towns that we look for strength, for defenders, when it is necessary to appeal to arms, and for defenders of education, morals, religion, and all that beautifies humanity. These are the best specimens of republicanism we have, and these are the true models of republics; and on these the great Republic of the world rests.

In laying the walls of the new Capitol at Albany, the engineer had to take into consideration how much pressure a single square foot of ground would bear; then the weight of the foundations, the weight of the walls, of the slate roof, the weight of the timbers, of the books in the libraries, the weight of the men when the build-

ing should be full, the weight of the snow and ice that may lie on the roof, and the weight of the winds that may press against its sides and roof! You will not be surprised to learn that the foundation walls to hold up all this pressure had to be eighteen feet thick, and 50,000 tons of stone put in them, and the tower has its foundation of solid masonry 110 feet square. And yet all this rests upon the little, small stones that underlie all—unseen and unknown! So this vast Republic rests upon these little town republics which underlie the whole, and which are its real foundation. Don't tell us that these are not all needed, and all beautiful, precious stones!

Another way by which "the mountains bring peace to the people," is by the men who are educated in these towns, and then emigrate all over the land and the world. We should be surprised to know how many they are in number, how varied in position, how strong and beautiful in character. Thirty years ago one of our Piedmont counties had sent out 200 college-educated men, and of these, eight were representing as many sections of our country in Congress, at one time, that was then a very growing country. Follow that stream of young men who have gone to the great cities, who have spread themselves over the West and South, who have had a voice in the Senate of the nation, who have been the educators of our youth, our physicians, to stand between the living and the dead; our lawyers and judges, to protect men in their rights; our preachers of righteousness, to be pastors of our churches; our home missionaries on the prairie, and our foreign missionaries in the distant and dark places of the earth, and then tell us, if you can, what fertility and beauty and blessings this stream of manhood has carried over the world! This is not wealth that they carried; for all we had we put into their heads and hearts, but it was *character*, intelligence, habits of economy, industry, self-reliance, temperance, sobriety and indomnitable perseverance. All this they carried away, and planted the same again and again, and spread it all through the land. I don't eulogize the gold they have gathered, the property they have accumulated, but the success which they wrenched, often in the most trying circumstances, and amid the greatest obstacles.

We may dig out the marble and the iron with which our hills are stored; we may send the products of our machinery and spindles

even into the deserts of Africa; we may lay the ends of the earth under contribution for what we make, but this is not the peace that "the mountains bring to the people." Our glory is the men that we raise, the character we send forth, the influence that we diffuse, the power that we impress upon other little communities all over our country, and, indeed, all over the world!

But don't many of these young men make shipwreck? Undoubtedly. They are so many individual swimmers where the tides surge and whirl, where the sharks play and devour, and where men draw each other under the waves; and is it any wonder that, in hazards so great, some, nay, many, must be engulfed and lost? My wonder is that so many go out, in all the inexperience of youth, exposed as they are to temptations unspeakably great, and manfully stand, and come back to us the pride of their homes, the admiration of their friends, and the honor of their native towns. All that character was planted here, and is the growth of home culture. And there are heroes, too, who have not risen, it may be, to eminence; but they resisted great temptations, and wrestled with great dangers. The brightest robes, it may be, will hereafter clothe those who have done great deeds; but we are no less affected by the thought that they wear "white robes" who "have come out of great tribulation." And he is a hero who has met and resisted the fires of temptation, with no smell of fire upon his garments.

We are often so much struck with the wealth which history throws up in its path, that we may forget something better than this. There has always been wealth in the world. Old Rome gathered the conquered wealth of all nations. They could spend the revenues of a kingdom on a single supper. They had wealth enough, but there were two difficulties which the gospel in the mountain towns in a measure corrects. The first is, it distributes property with a good degree of equality. In Rome the property was in few hands; the rest did not know enough to obtain it. Intelligence does not make the intellects all equal, but it tends to eqality, and in proportion as intelligence and education are equally diffused, in that proportion is property equally distributed; and this has been the glory of our mountains; that is, they have not created greath wealth; they have held it, equally distributed—that is, to a very good degree. But there is something better still; and it is:

we are learning, as we read our duty under the light of the sun of righteousness, the right use of moneys. It is our glory that the boy whom we educated and sent out, by and by comes back, not merely a grown up man in city-made clothes; not merely a rich man; but he comes back a benevolent man; one who knows that the highest ends to which he can put his money is to aid humanity, and do good to man. It is a part of the power of a mountain town that its wealth at home is so equally distributed that all may be educated—all go out, if they choose, carrying all their example and character, and throwing it into other regions, and using what is acquired for the good of men and the glory of God. These towns have their representatives scattered abroad, some manning our pulpits, the moral pillars of granite, around which opinions shift and whirl like sand in the winds; some to be missionaries in the far-off regions of earth; some at the West and South—feet beautiful, because they bring peace and publish glad tidings. They come down upon the people as rain upon the mown grass, in the form of educators and teachers, physicians, merchants, and lawyers, and judges, and legislators, and Sabbath School teachers, and preachers of the gospel. The schools and colleges that grow up all over the land-and even in foreign lands, have their roots in these mountain towns. The temporal prosperity of our churches comes out of the brain of our pastors, and their spiritual prosperity out of their hearts.

I am not to allow that the mountain towns are mere feeders of our cities; that all our talent and worth emigrate and flow away into our great centers. I am not to allow that the wheels of civilization and of wealth move only in cities, and that our young men can be anything unless they go off into a crowded city. You might as well say that a young tree can never grow erect, lofty, or broad and majestic, if it grows out on the hillside, and is not lost in the forest, where the trees are all alike. I am not to allow that the beauty and glory and strength of our mountain towns is of no value till they are poured into the great city and are lost, as mountain brooks are sometimes swallowed up in great, muddy lakes, sending up miasmas and fevers, and decay and death. I verily believe that, let a young man put forth the same efforts, and make the same self-denial here at home that he is compelled to make when he goes

abroad, in nine cases out of ten, in twenty years he would be a broader man, and have more influence in the world.

Thus "the mountains bring peace to the people." Thus the influence of a single mountain town in New England is great. Inquire where our ablest men were born and educated, men who are princely as merchants, men who adorn the professions, the bar, the pulpit, the halls of legislation, the benches of justice, and you will be utterly amazed to find the early homes of these men. Wealth, in order to roll the wheels of business, gathers together in cities, just as waters gather in clouds, only to be redistributed again, Fashion tries to crowd in and deck itself with some of this wealth. and walk in a vain show; but the highest glory ever predicted of cities is, "that they shall flourish as the grass of the field." If now you are looking for a young man who is to have broad shoulders, one who is to bear great responsibilities in life, where do you look —in the great city, or in such a mountain town as I am describing? Which congregation, taking years in succession, requires the most deep, brain-created sermons—that which is in the city, or that which is among the mountains? I know that it is the latter. Thus these mountain towns are the head-springs of good to the world; the mountains bring peace to the people. Their mission and power is to affect human character, and to bless every generation. This has ever been so; and now that communication is so easy and so direct, this power is to be ever increasing. The streams sent out are growing larger and deeper, and more constant. And from the beautiful elms that shade our streets, from the sweet flowers that adorn our homes, from the school-house that receives our children for training, from our churches, on whose tops the morning and setting sun loves to gild; from these Christian homes, which are raising noble sons and beautiful daughters to go out and away in order to bless the world; from the blue mountains that stand around us under their summer veil or wintery covering, I hear but one voice—"none of us liveth to himself," for we live to "bring peace to the people."

We do not forget that it was the little hill-town that sent out a Samuel, a great prophet in Israel; a Joseph, the Savior of a nation; that it was Bethlehem where David spent his youth, and Nazareth where the Son of God spent his. We do not forget that God has

ever honored the mountains and the hills. And while population and industry and wealth pour into such a town, effacing the old landmarks and creating new powers, we will not forget the past, the unseen, almost unknown power they have been silently exerting upon the world. The mustard seed has been planted here. The leaven has been hidden here; and God has been walking over these mountains, watching over the people, guarding them in times of darkness, and making them to be a blessing to the world. The rains that have fallen here, the dews that have bathed these hills, and the fertility that has clothed them, have not been used up here. The waters and dews have gone down to lower and drier places, and beautified them; and still more, we have no doubt that from these mountain hights a great multitude have gone to skies that are never cloudy, to fields that never lose their green, to homes that are never saddened by sorrow, or made gloomy by death; and we have no doubt that in that loved, deep, sweet song of Heaven, "Worthy is the Lamb," there are many voices that once sang with us in their pilgrimage, and learned the song here.

We change. Under the old regime the church had comparatively little to do except to enjoy her beautiful inheritance, and live in peace and quietness. Her temptations were few. Her children might walk the streets and not be ruined; but now floods roll in upon us. All things are changed, and we must now do where we once could meditate; we must meet the hurries and excitements of the age by counter-activities. Earth is becoming small, and we are called upon to act, to work; to sympathize with humanity, to use our property, to receive our destiny into that of the human race, as no other times have demanded. Everything is quadrupled—activity traced, books, expenses of all kinds, and so must increase the labors and the charities of the people of God. The reservoirs which you make at the foot of the mountains increase your own business capacities, and so also increase the wealth of others all along to the sea; so also must we make the mountain towns to be intellectual, spiritual reservoirs to fertilize the land, sending down larger, purer streams as long as streams flow.

Finally, remember that, though the lines have fallen unto us in pleasant places, and we have a goodly heritage, we want something

better. This is not our best. We want something more abiding, where we shall not walk to-day, and to-morrow be dying—where we and our families shall not be crushed by death. And our text tells us that "The mountains shall bring peace to the people;" that under our own Redeemer, the cold rocky mountain shall send out streams of salvation, and under His great power we may rest forever.

The *floods may come*—but whosoever believeth in Him, shall never be "confounded."

Our building may *shake*—but whoever believeth in Him shall never "make haste"—to get out of it.

Our earthly building may *fall*—but whosoever believeth in Him shall never "be ashamed"—because we have built on a false foundation.

My dear friends,—Just seventy years ago, wanting one week, there was a man child born in your village. He was carried away in the arms of his father, while an infant; he was, at a very early day, left an orphan—he has battled with poverty and difficulties; he early laid himself on the altar of God, to live for the good of humanity; he has seen many sorrows, but more joys; he has labored in his poor way, and with such talents as God gave him with his might; but, Oh! the sheaves he has been permitted to lay at the feet of the Master have been too few; the good he has accomplished has been too small; the zeal with which he has toiled has been too cold; but though he can bring you but a few withered leaves to-night, he is grateful for the privilege of greeting you in your high prosperity, rejoicing with you in what your town has done for humanity, and though only claiming to be one of the humblest sons whom you have sent out, give thanks to God for the honor which no other man can ever have—that of preaching the first Centennial sermon that can ever be preached in Rutland.

The concluding prayer was offered by Rev. James Davie Butler, who invoked the blessing of the Father upon the word spoken, that it might make its impression upon the hearts of the vast audience assembled to do honor to the fathers who planted the institutions of religion and education among these mountains.

The following hymn, read by Rev. James Gibson Johnson, pastor

of the Congregational church, was then sung by the choir, joined by the congregation:

From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

The congregation was dismissed with the benediction by Rev. Dr. Todd.

SECOND DAY.

Long before the hour of eight o'clock, P. M., the time appointed for the commencement of the exercises, the Opera House was well filled to hear the addresses of Henry Hall, Esq., on the "Early History of Rutland," and of Chauncy K. Williams, Esq., on the "Ecclesiastical History of Rutland." At the hour of opening the exercises the band played a lively air, after which the president of the occasion, Wm. Y. Ripley, Esq., advanced to the front of the platform and introduced to the audience Rev. B. M. Hall, who knelt and offered a fervent and devoted prayer to the Most High, returning thanks for His graciousness in preserving our ancestors through the trials which they had to undergo, and raining His blessings upon them and their posterity.

At the conclusion of the prayer, the president arose and said his voice was so weak as to be inaudible to most of the hearers, but he had prepared a few words of welcome, which he had transcribed to paper, and would have them read. Gen. W. Y. W. Ripley then took the paper and read the welcome address, as follows:

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Ladies and Gentlemen: It has been thought fit on this, the one hundredth anniversary of the settlement of our good old town of Rutland, to celebrate the event by inviting all the natives and for-

mer residents who have gone out from among us, with their descendents and our other friends, to meet us on this occasion. We thank you for your presence. We welcome you most cordially to our hearths and our homes. We welcome you to the scenes of your former joys and your former trials. We welcome you to the banks of the Otter, to the shadows of Killington and Pico. We welcome you to the green hills of Vermont, and though you will witness many sad changes, and miss many of the old landmarks, and the familiar faces of loved and dear friends, we trust you will find many changes for the better, and hope that on the recurrence of the second centennial anniversary of the settlement of our town that your great-grandchildren's children may, with the blessing of a good Providence, meet our great-grandchildren's children under the folds of our national banner, spangled with an hundred stars, with our constitution unimpaired, with just and equal laws honestly administered, citizens of the freest, the happiest and the best country on the globe. We again greet you with a hearty and a cordial welcome.

Henry Hall was next introduced to the audience by Gen. Ripley, and proceeded to address them as follows:

THE EARLY HISTORY OF RUTLAND.

On the 2d day of July, 1776, the old Continental Congress voted unanimously in favor of national independence.

John Adams, attributing to this vote the importance which the world has since appropriated to the renowned Declaration of Independence, adopted two days later, wrote to his wife, on the 3d day of July, as follows:

"The 2d day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as *the* great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated by solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward forevrmore."

This notable prophecy expresses the Anglo-Saxon idea of patriotic celebrations: first, gratitude to Heaven; next, jubilant joyous-

ness. Our national character adds another feature, viz: speechifying — sometimes spread-eagle bombast, sometimes commanding eloquence. Town anniversaries add two other features, viz: social family visiting and local historic sketches.

Rutland rejoices in a name illustrious with the ducal coronet—the highest rank of a subject—a name that has for ages flashed along the page of history, in the drama, on the battle-field, and in the councils of a great nation,—a name that was time-honored before William the Conqueror crossed the English Channel.

Different governments, at different times, have claimed the right to rule over our hills and valleys. Once, ere Rutland was, the lillies of France floated supreme on Lake Champlain, asserting and exercising sovreignty over the soil watered by the tributaries of that Lake. For several years the early settlers of Rutland looked fondly to the Lion and the Unicorn as the banner of their pride; for several years these early settlers shared with England the honor of calling Shakspeare and Milton fellow countrymen. For thirteen years Rutland owed and rendered fealty and allegiance only to the bannered pine of Vermont. And when the Stars and Stripes, Hail Columbia and Yankee Doodle properly became a part of our inheritance Rutland was twenty-one years old, and her population 1450.

During the old colonial wars, no white man dwelt within our borders. During our four great national wars, Rutland bore the banner of freedom, full high uplifted against foreign foe and domestic traitor, on many a fierce field, from the walls of Quebec to the halls of Montezuma.

Once Rutland was famous for its pipe-clay and linseed oil; to-day Rutland sends her marble westward and southward beyond the grave of De Soto, and eastward to the land of Columbus and Galileo, of Raphael and Michael Angelo. Rutland seems a young town, yet she has a newspaper that rivals the London Times in age. Rutland is the grave of the grandfather of one of the nation's greatest thinkers, Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Rutland has been the home of eminent men: Nathaniel Chipman, one of the ablest lawyers and statesmen of New England; his brother Daniel, eminent as a lawyer, pre-eminent for conversational power; John A. Graham, the first lawyer located in Rutland, half dandy, half humbug, yet with talent enough to attain notoriety in

England and eminence in New York; Jesse Buel, the founder of the Albany Cultivator; Thomas Green Fessenden, the bearer to England of Rutland's great philosophical blunder. From a London prison he sent forth his Hudibrastic poem; he founded the New England Farmer, and was the friend of Hawthorne. John Mattocks, the unlearned but capable and eccentric judge; Samuel Williams, the studious philosopher and dignified historian; Gov. Israel Smith, so successful in life, so sad near death; Charles K. Williams, so able, so learned, so uncorruptible, so charming in conversation, so kind and wise a friend in council; James Davie Butler, the mechanic, the merchant, the scholar, the wit; the great landholder, the energetic, the enterprising Moses Strong, who, it is claimed, married a descendant of Cotton Mather; the shrewd and capable Robert Pierpoint, descended from a favorite officer of William the Conqueror; the very able Robert Temple, of the same family as Lord Palmerston, like Gen. McClellan, a descendant of Gov. Bradford of the Mayflower, also a descendant of the good Godiva, wife of the Mercian Earl Leofric, the Saxon king maker, one thousand years ago; George T. Hodges, the cautious, successful merchant, polished in his manners and prudent in his habits; William Page, the diligent attorney, the safe and upright cashier; Walter Colton, the popular author, the herald to Christendom of the discovery of California gold; James Meacham, the loveable man, the eloquent preacher; Edgar L. Ormsbee, brilliant with thought, the pioneer of marble and railroad enterprise; Solomon Foot, the prosperous politician, the President of Conventions and Senates; James Porter, the good physician; Jesse Gove, the gentlemanly and genial clerk; Rodney C. Royce, the popular young lawyer; Gershom Cheney, John Ruggles, Edward Dyer, Avery Billings, Samuel Griggs, Benjamin Blanchard, the Meads, Chattertons, Reynolds, Purdys, Sheldons, Smiths, Reeds, McConnells, Barns, Greens, Kelleys, Thralls, Wm. Fay, Charles Burt, Benjamin Lord, Nathan Osgood, Osgoods, Greenos, Farmers, and hosts of other noble citizens.

Nearly a century and a half ago, Rutland was the focus of Indian travel. Otter Creek to the north, Otter Creek to the south, Castleton River to the west, Cold River to the east, indicate the most convenient routes for travel or freight from Lake Champlain to Fort

Dummer. Massachusetts sold her goods at Fort Dummer cheaper than the French sold in Canada; hence a brisk trade across our State. In 1730, James Coss and twelve Caughnawaga Indians arrived here in seven days from Fort Dummer, coming by way of Black River, Plymouth Ponds and Cold River. They reach Otter Creek, Sunday evening, May 3, 1730. Monday they made canoes. They were thus employed when a squaw, left behind the day before, rejoined them with a newly born papoose on her back. Tuesday it rained. Wednesday they rowed thirty-five miles down Otter Creek. Coss' journal mentions the two falls in this town, without comment.. He calls Otter Creek black and deep, and praises the soil. Probably this was not the first visit of a white man to Rutland, for in King Williams' wars soldiers passed from Massachusetts to the Lake; but it is the first where we are able to identify the man and the time.

The French and Indian wars sweep the Indian trade of Massachusetts out of existence. And now, instead of canoes laden with furs, tallow and goods, the war paint, tomahawks, scalping knives, muskets, swords, British and French uniforms gleam through the foliage, all along our borders, from the roaring Winooski to the swift rushing, arrowy Wantastiquet. Indian raid and English scout pass and repass the mountain gorges.

In 1748, sixty scouts came over from Black River; forty go down Otter Creek on the east side, and soon repass the mountains; twenty go north on the west side of Otter Creek, imprudently expose themselves to the enemy at Crown Point, are swiftly pursued up Otter Creek and down West River, and when thrown off their guard by being near home, they are terribly defeated in Windham county.

Many a poor captive passes through our town, to suffer for years in Canada. How absorbing is our interest in the trials and hardships endured by the captives Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Howe! The grandfather of President Labaree was a fellow captive with Mrs. Johnson. This party dined in Rutland, at the junction of East and Otter Creeks, the principal diet being sausages made of bear's meat.

In the year 1759 Rutland saw brave sights: eight hundred New Hampshire troops, with ax, shovel and hoe, cutting down trees and

leveling hummocks, making a road from Charleston, N. H., along Black River and Otter Creek, to Crown Point, N. Y., crossing Otter Creek at Center Rutland; soon after, four hundred fat cattle, in five droves, going over this new road to diminish the scurvy at Crown Point. Toward the last of November came Major Rogers and his surviving heroes, nearly one hundred in number. They had been absent from Crown Point two months; they had destroyed that great pest to New England, the Indian village of St. Francis, on the St. Lawrence, near Three Rivers; they had been pursued by superior numbers, shot at and starved; they had recruited at Charleston, and now were returning, along the new military road, to Crown Point, the headquarters of Gen. Amherst.

The ancestors of Charles Burt, Joel Beaman, and Rev. Drs. Charles and Aldace Walker and others, went over this road, or its predecessor, the old Indian path, during the Colonial wars.

When at length the English flag floats in triumph from Florida to the St. Lawrence, the New England soldiers remember the fertile soil, the valuable trees and the convenient water privileges that so abounded in the Green Mountain territory. And although New York had, in 1750, put forward a claim to this State, yet, in 1761, New Hampshire issued sixty charters for towns in Vermont.

The charter of Rutland was dated the 7th day of September, 1761; it is now extant in fifteen pieces; it cost about $100; it was procured by Col. Josiah Willard of Winchester, N. H. The first named grantee is John Murray, an Irishman, the principal citizen of Rutland, Mass., and the man, probably, that named this town. The grantees are chiefly of New Hampshire,—none of them ever lived here; among them were the captives, Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Howe, and the familiar names of Bardwell, Hawks, Willard, Stone, Arms and Field. The grantees claimed that the charter was granted to them "as a reward for their great losses and services on the frontier during the late war."

Rutland was also granted in 1761, by the name of Fairfield. The grantor was Col. John Henry Lydius of Albany; he claimed by deed of the Mohawk chiefs and confirmation by Gov. Shirley of Massachusetts, as royal agent. But the act of Lydius which most interests us now, was his employment of a surveyor to survey Otter Creek. The surveyor came from Connecticut; his name was Asa

Peabody. Peabody is now so distinguished a name that we are interested to learn tradition says it signifies "The Mountain Man," and is derived from a relative of Queen Boadicea, who retired on the suicide of his monarch to the Welsh mountains. I have seen the original record of this survey, on one half sheet of foolscap,—over one hundred surveys, with points of compass, distances, currents, rapids, falls, affluents and islands. His survey, or measurement, made Center Rutland Fall 26 feet, and the Sutherland Fall 150 feet (the latter now estimated at 118 feet).

Between the charter and the settlement of Rutland eight and one-half years intervene; George II. had taken Vermont from Massachusettts and given it to New Hampshire; George III. takes Vermont from New Hampshire and gives it to New York, but forbids New York granting the lands; New York speculators petition the New York government for the charter of a new town, to be called Socialborough, to include Rutland, Pittsford and part of Brandon; the New Hampshire grantees file a caveat, and the grant is postponed several years, although the York petitioners had sent up the Scotch surveyor, William Cockburn, to survey the premises.

Meanwhile, John Murray sells his right in Rutland, about three hundred and fifty acres, for 2s., or over ten acres for 1c. During this interval, also, John Chipman and fifteen other young men from Salisbury, Conn., pass through town with cart and oxen, along the banks of Otter Creek, on their way to Addison county. When they had passed Sutherland Falls, they convert the trunk of a large tree into a boat, load the boat with their provisions and farming utensils, attach their cart to the rear of the boat, and then row the boat and drive the oxen northward.

The ever-active Skene is at Whitehall; the idle British officers leave their garrisons on the Lake, prospecting for land speculation; Yorkers, New Hampshire men and Lydius are busy with survey and deed; the southern part of the county rings with the ax of the wood chopper and the merry prattle of children; Clarendon is settled two years before Rutland.

James Mead was the first white man that ever settled in Rutland. In 1764, he and several other men, with their families, emigrated from Nine Partners to Manchester, Vt. Nine Partners was joined on the east by Salisbury, the northwest corner town of Connecti-

cut. Mead, acting as agent for others, soon became acquainted with this town. It was on the 30th day of September, 1769, that Mead made his first purchase in Rutland, and that same day he sold half his purchase. He bought twenty rights; he sold ten rights; there were seventy rights in the whole town; one right contained about 350 acres; so that Mead retained about 3500 acres. The price alleged in the deeds for the purchase was £100, or $333.33; price of sale £40, or $133.33. If the deeds say true, Mead lost £10 in the trade, and paid $200, or less than six cents per acre for the land he retained. Mead's daughter, Mrs. Smith, thought he paid for the land in horses. He bought of Nathan Stone of Windsor; he sold to Charles Button of Clarendon. Both Stone and Mead in their deeds describe Mead as of Manchester, in the county of Albany and Province of New York. These twenty rights of Mead and Button, each owning one-seventh part of the town, were located in the southwest part of the town, undivided.

That same fall Mead built him a log house, half a mile west of Center Rutland, near the banks of West Creek. In this immediate vicinity there was an ancient clearing, made by a community of decidedly democratic proclivities, neither Mohawks nor Algonquins, neither Yorkers nor Green Mountain Boys. They had no churches, no court-houses, no ballot boxes, no rum, no tobacco; they were models of industry and thrift, yet, unversed in law, they had not secured their title to the property by any proper legal deeds, and Mead did not hesitate to appropriate to his own use both their meadow and their dam.

The first settlement of Rutland occurred in March, 1770. Mead was now forty years old; he had a wife and ten children; his oldest child, Sarah, at the age of seventeen, was the wife of Wright Roberts. These thirteen persons were three days moving from Manchester to the present Wells meadows. They came not along the valley of Otter Creek, but over the uplands west, stopping the first night in Dorset, the second in Danby,—passing through Tinmouth, West Clarendon and Smithtown. Coming through Chippenhook, Sarah and Mercy riding on one horse and Roberts on foot, driving the cows, far in rear of the others, lost their way. Before wandering far they found the house of Simeon Jenny, a noted Yorker and Tory. He showed them where to go.

The third evening they camped on the present farm of Robert Chapman, in Clarendon; but a warm supper, the browsing of the horses, the moonlight glittering on frosty foliage and snow draped earth, cheer them on to finish their journey before sleeping. Late in the evening, on foot, on horseback and in the sleigh, they reach their log house. But this building has no roof, and it is too near the Creek: snow, water, ice and cold make it unavailable.

Near by, on a more elevated site, is a wigwam, with perhaps nine or ten Caughnawaga Indians around a cosy fire. Mead applies to share the wigwam. The Indians shake their heads, talk Indian, then rising and throwing their hands apart, they cry, "Welcome! Welcome!" gather up their traps, abandon their hut to the pale faces, and quickly build another for themselves. So on the 16th of March, 1621, Samoset enters the village of Plymouth and cries, "Welcome, Englishmen! Welcome, Englishmen!" In that wigwam the Mead family lived until late in the Fall, when they built a substantial log house, in which they wintered.

As early as May, 1770, Thomas Rowley was in Rutland surveying lots. In the year 1770, three children were born in Rutland. The first of the Anglo-Saxon race, whose manifest destiny it was, to be born in Rutland was William Powers, son of Simeon Powers, a cooper from Springfield, Vt. This birth occurred the 23d of September, 1770. The second child born in town was Capt. William Mead, who died a few years since in Granville, Ohio. He was the son of James Mead, and was born one day later than Powers. The third child was Chloe Johnson, daughter of Asa Johnson, from Williamstown, Mass. She was born October 3, 1770, these first three births occurring within ten days of each other.

Simeon Powers, his wife Lydia and their first born child had settled, in the spring of 1770, west of Otter Creek, on the present Kelley farm. In the Fall, William Dwinell and wife came and lived with his relative, Powers. These four families, Meads, Powers, Dwinells and Johnsons, are the only white persons positively known to have lived in Rutland in 1770, although the surveyor Rowley's record shows a clearing "by one Brockway." Thus the population of the town, in the Fall, was about two dozen.

It is said that, a few days before the birth of William Powers, his mother and others were upset in a boat on Otter Creek, a short

distance above Center Rutland Falls. She floated down near the brink of the Falls, where she caught hold of a slippery log, and held on till rescued.

In 1870, Rutland has 2000 families and 10,000 inhabitants. The cash value of the town is several millions of dollars.

In 1770, the best land sold for a few cents an acre; there was not a wagon or bridge in the town; Mead kept a boat each side of Otter Creek at Center Rutland; there was scarcely any land fitted for plowing; trout and venison were plenty, grain scarce; no grist mill nearer than Skenesborough and Bennington; Mead had an iron hand mill that ground corn coarse. Wild leeks, butternuts, wild berries, shad plums, maple sugar and fowl abounded. Nor may we disdain to mention two social companions, parting presents to the Meads from their Manchester friends, viz: a cat, and a lap-dog rejoicing in the name of "Fancy."

Thus far we have condensed or omitted history. Now we can only index our materials. In 1771, New York granted a charter of Socialborough, in direct violation of the King's order. Again Cockburn, the Scotch surveyer, is here; he surveys the road, now Main street; Mead and Johnson stop him; men dressed as Indians threaten him, and he leaves. In 1772, Rutland sends a delegate to the Manchester Convention, and the Convention sends delegates to England. In 1773, Rutland had thirty-five families, a clergyman comes, a log meeting-house is built, a church is formed with fourteen members, four out of town, two from the west side of the town and eight from the east. In 1774, the will of Daniel Harris is made, a will that, creating an estate-tail, roused Vermont with law doctrines that have so often skaken Westminster Hall. In that year New York condemned two Rutlanders to death without trial, and Rhode Island sent two men to encourage emigration from Rutland to Sherburne. In 1775, Rutland sent soldiers to the capture of Ticonderoga and the seige of Quebec. During the Revolutionary War, Rutland furnished Bowker, the President of the State Conventions, had two forts and two militia companies, over eighty taxable inhabitants and two representatives to each session of the Legislature, the land of three Tories was confiscated, and the town was honored by a visit from the illustrious Kosciusko, the Washington of Poland.

In 1786, an anti-court mob, a miniature Shay's Rebellion, reeled

through our streets, and the courts of justice were paralyzed. In October, 1804, the seventh and last Legislature met in Rutland, in the midst of a violent snow storm.

And now abruptly we close our theme. To some, all study of the past is useless antiquarianism. To the servant of the great Hebrew prophet, it seemed that he and his master stood alone, begirt with a vast host of beleaguering foes. The Lord opened his eyes, and now the mountain sides are flashing and burning with horses of fire and chariots of fire round about Elisha. So the patriot, musing o'er his country's history, hears the rustling wings and sees angelic forms hovering and stooping to bless the people who remember and honor the noble dead.

At the conclusion of the address the Band played a popular air.

Gen. William Y. W. Ripley then introduced to the audience Chauncy K. Williams, Esq., who delivered the following address on

THE ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY OF RUTLAND.

There are certain times, seasons, periods and events which always, to a thinking mind, present peculiar claims to our thoughtful attention. Such, for instance is the termination of the old year, and the commencement of the new. If so with years, much more so with centuries and half centuries. The Mosaic law required that they should "hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof; it shall be a jubilee unto you." (Lev. xxv: 10.) In compliance with this command during that dispensation, and ever since down to the present time, centuries have formed divisions for man, and the lapse of their principal and ordinary divisions or parts have been marked with peculiar emphasis. From this naturally comes our Centennial and semi-Centennial celebrations. It is not, as many *profess* to think, an idle and unmeaning custom and ceremony. It has its seat and birthplace in the heart of each and all of us, and is a part of our very human nature. We and our children delight to celebrate with appropriate ceremonies our birthdays—as we now propose to celebrate the birthday of our town and community. Such customs and celebrations form landmarks to connect those of us who, by the blessing of God, are permitted to be now here present, both with

those who reduced the wilderness to fertile plains and flourishing villages, but to those who will succeed us in the responsibilities which devolve upon every citizen, who is worthy of the name of citizen, to sustain those municipal and religious institutions, without which all would be confusion and anarchy.

It would be appropriate, pleasant and instructive, if upon this occasion, standing in a room dedicated to music, and occupied as a place of religious worship by one, if not the youngest, of the churches and religious societies in the town, I could spend the few moments allotted me in speaking of the difference and changes from and between 1770 and 1870, and of the lessons taught and duties devolved upon us by the changed situation of affairs. When we contrast these two distant periods of time, and remember that what was then, to use a threadbare expression, a "howling wilderness," are now cultivated fields, then a barren waste, now large and thriving villages, then a pathless forest, now cut up and gridironed by railways,then the hut and wigwam of the Indian, now magnificentt public and private buildings, then the only religious worship was that of the simple Indian, and his only church or temple was the vast and uncovered forest, now in costly churches, built with the best architectural skill, with spire pointing heavenward—and in the interior, furnished with seats splendidly upholstered, chandeliers and all that wealth, art and skill can contribute to render it rich and attractive to the eye, luxurious to the mind, and pleasing in every respect. But I must forbear, and leave these pleasing and instructive topics to other, abler and worthier hands. The few minutes allotted to me this evening will not more than suffice to give in the briefest possible manner the historical and biographical data and facts connected with some fourteen different churches or religious societies and organizations, and of their numerous pastors, so far as it may be proper and my limited time and the material at hand may present. It may be proper here to remark that in the minds of the first settlers of this country, and more particularly those of New England, although they abhored the idea of any connection between Church and State, yet, after all, in some respects, the matters of civil and religious polity were intimately connected. They emigrated mainly from religious motives, or, as they themselves expressed it, to "carry forward the reformation." It was manifest

to them that religious freedom could not exist without civil liberty, and it was equally manifest to them that civil liberty, or any government short of anarchy, could not exist unless it was founded and formed upon the corner-stone of religion and religious worship. Hence the first thing done was to lay the foundation and establish a form of civil government. This done, then they commenced to make provision for the support of public worship and for the enjoyment of Christian institutions and ordinances. This was also true of Vermont. In Bennington, which is the oldest of our chartered towns, in the records of their first proprietors' meeting the first act after the election of officers was the appointment of a "committee to look out a place to set the meeting-house." The same is true of the early settlers of Rutland. All through the early records of the town will be found votes in reference to the employment of preachers, providing places of public worship, and kindred subjects. To show the nature of these votes, we give the record of the town meeting of January 4th, 1781:

"Voted, That Mr. Gideon Miner, John Johnson and Joseph Bowker, Esq., act as a committee to endeavor to provide a preacher of the Gospel for this town.

"Voted, That the above committee apply to Mr. Mitchell of Woodbury as preacher aforesaid.

"A motion being put to know whether it was the minds of the town to settle a minister as soon as they can find one that they can be agreed on, it was voted in the affirmative."

It is to be regretted that the records of the transactions of our fathers for the first years of the settlement of the town are not extant, so that we could, on this occasion, give the first votes and action in relation to this subject, for we doubt not that we should find here, as elsewhere, that this was among the earliest things acted upon.

The proper ecclesiastical history of Rutland may be said to have begun in 1773, when, on the 20th day of October, the first Congregational church and society was formed in Rutland, with fourteen members, namely: Joseph Bowker, Sarah Bowker, William Roberts, Eben Hopkins, Samuel Crippen, Daniel Hawley, Charles Brewster, Abraham Jackson, John Moses, Enos Ives, Jehiel Andrews, Sarah Andrews, Annah Ives and Mehitable Andrews.

Over this church was settled the Rev. Benajah Roots. This was

the tenth church in the State, the second west of the Green Mountains and the first in the county of Rutland.

Rev. Benajah Roots was born in Woodbury, Conn., in 1726. Of his early life nothing, as far as I know has, as yet, been ascertained. After, for those days, the usual preparatory course, he entered Princeton College, then more generally known as the College of New Jersey, where he graduated in 1754, the seventh class, under the Presidency of Aaron Burr, who was the father of the Vice President of the United States of the same name. There were nineteen (19) in his class, of which number, twelve (12) are known to have afterwards preached the Gospel. Immediately after graduation he commenced the study of theology under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Bellamy, of Bethlehem, Conn., who was at that day one of the most prominent and leading men among the clergy of New England. Two years after leaving college he commenced preaching at Simsbury, Conn., and soon after received and accepted a call to become pastor of the church at Simsbury, Conn., and he was ordained over the church and society there on the 10th day of August, 1757. During the last years of his connection with that people there seems to have been some difficulty between himself and a certain portion of his people on doctrinal points. In 1770, by a concurrence of sentiment between him and his congregation, a council of ministers was called to decide between Mr. Roots and his church, and to hear and give their sentiments upon sundry exceptions said members had to make to some of Mr. Roots' doctrines, and also to some instances of his conduct relative to church discipline. It seems that no formal charges were made, but it seems that there were some matters upon which the pastor, church and congregation differed, and it was thought best to take the advice of the council. "The Result of that Council," and also "A few brief remarks" in reply to that result, written by Mr. Roots, were published the same year. The result of the council, however, did not provide for a dissolution of the pastoral relation, but, on the contrary, resolved that "they hoped that one and all will study the things that make for peace and mutual edification." This did not settle the controversy. In less than two years the "*consociation*" was convened at Simsbury to hear and determine upon a complaint charging Mr. Roots with "holding and publishing sundry unsound,

dangerous and heretical doctrines, and of some instances of conduct contrary to the Scriptures."

The consociation did not sustain the charges which relate to his character and conduct as a pastor, but they think that in some instances he hath delivered unsound doctrine, but not of that importance necessary to occasion a separation between minister and people—and they think if both pastor and people will exercise candor, character and becoming prudence, they may yet *live* comfortably together. From all the evidence we have been able to obtain, we believe that the clergy generally sympathized with Mr. Roots, and we have further reason to believe that this trouble was but the forerunner of the protracted and bitter controversy between the Orthodox Congregational and the Unitarian churches which broke out a few years later, and which, in the opinion of some, has not yet been settled.

Soon after, in 1771, he was dismissed from the church in Simsbury, and almost immediately came to Vermont. Quite a number of the earliest settlers of Rutland were from Simsbury, Conn., or from the neigboring towns, and it was undoubtedly for this reason that Mr. Roots came here. The church was organized as stated, and Mr. Roots was ordained here.

There were here at that time about thirty (30) families, and he was engaged here to preach for five (5) years. In consequence of his settlement he also received a right of land, which by the charter was reserved to the first settled minister. He remained as pastor of this church until his death, which occurred March 16th, 1787, in the 62d year of his age.

As first constituted, there were only thirteen (13) members, and there were six (6) additions to it down to 1784–5, when there was a powerful revival, which brought into the church forty-five (45) persons. We have not time now to speak of the result of his ministrations, but must pass to his successor.

Rev. Lemuel Haynes, in his day and generation, was one of the most remarkable men in Vermont. Fifty years hence it may be, and probably will be, difficult to apprehend the difficult position in which not only he, but also the people of that parish were placed in employing such a clergyman to minister unto them. Mr. Haynes was a partially colored man, his father being of unmingled African

extraction, and his mother a white woman of respectable parentage. His name was that neither of his father or mother, but (probably) that of the family under whose roof he received his birth. He was born at West Hartford, Conn., July 18, 1753. When he was five months old he was carried to Granville, Mass., and bound out as a servant until he was 21. During a revival he became a professor of religion, and being persuaded that it was his duty to become a preacher of the Gospel, he commenced the study of the ministry with Rev. Daniel Farrand of Canaan, Conn., and on the 29th of November, 1780, he was licensed to preach. On the 9th of November, 1785, he was ordained to preach at Torrington, Conn., the Rev. Daniel Farrand preaching the sermon. After remaining in Torrington a short time he took a missionary tour through Vermont, at the request of the Connecticut Missionary Society. The result of this trip was that he was invited to settle in West Rutland, where he remained till May, 1818, when he was dismissed From here Mr. Haynes went to Manchester, where he remained three years, and in February, 1822, removed to Granville, N. Y., where he passed the last eleven (11) years of his life, dying there on the 28th of September, 1833.

He was succeeded by the Rev. Amos Drury, who was born at Pittsford in 1792, and studied theology with Rev. Josiah Hopkins of New Haven, and also at the Auburn Theological Seminary. He was ordained at West Rutland June 3d, 1819, and dismissed in April, 1829. On the 6th of May following (1829) he was installed pastor of the Congregational church at Fairhaven, where he remained until the 26th of April, 1837, when he was dismissed, and June 29th, 1837, he was installed over the Congregational church at Westhampton, Mass.

He was succeeded by the Rev. Lucius Linsey Tilden, who was born in Cornwall in 1802, and graduated at Middlebury College in 1823, and after spending some time in teaching he commenced the study of theology at Andover Theological Seminary, where he graduated, and was settled over this church in March, 1830, and dismissed in March, 1839.

He was succeeded by the Rev. Aldace Walker, D. D., who was ordained and installed on the 30th of December, 1840, and was dismissed in 1862. He remains with us to the present day, minis-

istering in Holy things to the people of our neighboring town of Wallingford, where he was settled or commenced to labor in 1862.

Next to Rev. Dr. Aldace Walker came the Rev. Henry M. Grout, a graduate of Williams College, in the class of 1854, who was ordained September 1st, 1858, and installed on the 26th of August, 1862. He removed to Massachusetts in 1867, and was followed by Rev. George L. Gleason, who was ordained February 1st, 1866, and installed at West Rutland October 17th, 1867, and dismissed on the 22d of March, 1869. The present pastor of the church is the Rev. James R. Bourne, who was ordained in 1859, and ordained pastor of the church January 12th, 1870.

On the 22d of October, 1787, the town was divided into two parishes, by the following bounds or division line: "Beginning at the center of the north line of said town, thence parallel with the east and west lines of the town till it strikes the Otter Creek, thence up the Creek as the stream runs to the south line."

The church in the east parish was established October 5th, 1788, with 37 members.

Rev. Mr. Ball makes a minute, in what is now the first volume of their church records, that the only record found by him when he came here (in 1797) was a short note on the back of a confession of faith, signed by Augustine Hilbred, Moderator, giving an account of the establishing of the church, in which Pittsford, West Rutland and Poultney with their members assisted—and that the church was established "upon the plan of the Convention of the West District of Vermont, which was supposed to be agreeable to the Gospel." They did not, however, adopt all of the articles of said convention, but made one or two exceptions. During the preaching of Dr. Williams "the half way covenant," as it was called, was adopted, but was discontinued in 1797, as Dr. Ball says, because "it was supposed to be unwarrantable and defective."

The pulpit was supplied by different candidates till near the close of the year 1788, when Rev. Samuel Williams, LL.D., was employed. He continued to supply the pulpit until October, 1795, when he relinquished preaching, and was succeeded by Rev. Heman Ball, D. D. Since the death of Dr. Ball there have been five pastors—Rev. Charles Walker, Rev. William Mitchell, Rev. Silas Aiken, D. D., Rev. Norman Seaver, D. D., and Rev. James Gibson Johnson.

Rev. Heman Ball, D. D., son of Charles Ball, was born in Springfield, Mass., July 5, 1764, and graduated at Dartmouth College in 1791. He studied theology with the Rev. Joseph Lathrop, D. D., of West Springfield, Mass., and was ordained pastor of the Congregational church here, February 1st, 1797, the sermon being preached by Rev. Dr. Lathrop, and remained pastor until his death.

In 1794, he received the honorary degree of A. M. from Yale College, and that of D. D. from Union College in 1816, and was one of the Trustees of Middlebury College from its organization until his death.

Several of his sermons were published, among which was one on the death of Washington, and an Election Sermon in 1804.

Rev. Dr. Sprague says: "He was highly respected for his talents and virtues, and exerted an extensive influence in the church." He died here, December 17th, 1821, and was buried in the West street cemetery, and is the only clergyman who has died during his pastorate of this church.

Rev. Charles Walker, D. D., was born in Woodstock, Connecticut, in 1791. He studied theology at Andover (Mass.) Theological Seminary, graduating in 1821. He was odrained pastor of the Congregational church here, January 1st, 1823, and was dismissed March 14th, 1833. He was installed over the Congregational church in (the east village of) Brattleboro, January 1st, 1835, and was dismissed February 11th, 1846, and on the 27th of December of the same year was installed over the Congregational church in Pittsford, and was dismisssed December 6th, 1864, since which time he has resided in Pittsford "without charge."

He received the honorarary degree of A. M. from the University of Vermont in 1823, and from Middlebury and Dartmouth Colleges in 1825, and that of D. D. from the University of Vermont in 1847, and has been a trustee of Middlebury College since 1837.

He delivered the annual Election Sermon before the Legislature of Vermont in 1829, which was published, as were also some of his occasional sermons.

Rev. William Mitchell, son of John and Abigail (Waterhouse) Mitchell, was born at Chester, Conn., December 19th, 1793, and graduated at Yale College in 1818. He studied at the Andover Thelogical Seminary, graduating there in 1821, in the same class

with his immediate predecessor, Rev. Dr. Walker, and was licensed June 5th, of the same year, by the Middlesex (Conn.) Association, and engaged as a Home Missionary in Northwestern New York.

He was ordained October 20th, 1824, and was settled over the Congregational church in Newtown, Conn., from June, 1825, to May, 1831.

He was installed pastor of the Congregational church here, March 14, 1833, and was dismissed June 2d, 1846, He was acting pastor in Wallingford from August 8th, 1847, to March 28th, 1852. In the fall of 1852, he became agent of the Vermont Colonization Society, and served in that capacity three years; after this he served some two years as agent of the New York, and then of the New Jersey Colonization Society.

In 1858, he removed to the residence of his son, John B. Mitchell, at Corpus Christi, Texas. During his residence there he organized a church at Casa Blanca, about forty miles from his residence, to whom he preached two Sundays monthly till the war scattered them. About a year before his death he organized a Presbyterian church at Corpus Christi, and by his own exertions secured the funds for a church building, which was partly erected at the time of his death. He died August 1st, 1867, of the yellow fever, which also carried off two others of his household.

On the 21st of April, 1847, Rev. Henry Hurlburt was unanimously given a call to become pastor of the church. In pursuance of this call Mr. Hurlburt came to Rutland and preached some time, but on the second day of October, 1848, he informed them that owing to the condition of his health he must decline the call. He, however, remained here and occupied the pulpit some weeks longer.

Rev. Silas Aiken, D. D., son of Phineas and Elizabeth (Patterson) Aiken, was born at Bedford, N. H., May 14, 1799, and graduated at Dartmouth College in 1825, with the highest honors of his class, being valedictorian. He studied theology with Rev. Bennett Tyler, D. D., and Prof. Howe, and was ordained pastor of the Congregational church in Amherst, N. H., March 4, 1829, and was dismissed March 5, 1837, having accepted a call to Park Street church, Boston. He was installed over that church March 22, 1837, and resigned his pastorate and was dismissed in July, 1848. March 28, 1849, he was installed over the Congregational church here,

Rev. Benjamin Labaree, D. D., President of Middlebury College, preaching the sermon, and was dismissed, at his own request, July 1, 1863, from which time until his death he remained in Rutland without a charge. He had been at different times Chaplain of the Massachusetts Senate, Trustee of Dartmouth College, Member of the Prudential Committee of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, Director of the Prison Discipline Society, etc. He received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Vermont in 1852. He died here April 14, 1869.

Rev. Norman Seaver, D. D., son of Norman and Anna Maria (Bigelow) Seaver, was born in Boston, Mass., April 23d, 1834, and graduated at Williams College in 1854. He studied theology at the Andover Theological Seminary, graduating there in 1860. He was ordained here as colleague pastor with Rev. Dr. Aiken, August 29th, 1860. On the resignation of Dr. Aiken, July 1st, 1863, he became sole pastor, and was dismissed in September, 1868, at his own request. December 30th, 1868, he was installed pastor of the First Presbyterian church (Henry street), Brooklyn, N. Y., where he now is. He received the honorary degree of D. D. from Middlebury College in 1866.

Rev. James Gibson Johnson, the present and sixth pastor, is a native of Providence, Rhode Island. He prepared for college at Washington, D. C. (where his mother now resides), and entering Union College, at Schenectady, N. Y., graduated there in the class of 1863. He studied theology at the Princeton (New Jersey) Theological Seminary, and graduated in 1866.

He was ordained at Newburyport, Mass., December 27th, 1866, and was settled over the Second Presbyterian church in that city, where he remained until October 1st, 1868, when he resigned.

Immediately after his resignation he embarked on a tour through Europe and the East, and was absent about a year. Returning October 7th, 1869, he took up his residence in New York city, where he continued to reside until his acceptance of the call, April 1st, 1870, to the pastorate of the Congregational church here, and was installed April 21st.

In 1788 a petition was presented to the Legislature of Vermont from a part of the inhabitants of Rutland and Pittsford, being in what is known as "Whipple Hollow," asking for the establishing

of a parish by the name of "Orange Parish." The petition was referred to a committee, and on their report the request was refused. They however organized themselves into a parish, built a meeting-house and employed the Rev. Abraham Carpenter as their pastor, who remained with them until his death. He was what was called "a strict Congregationalist," and in 1773 or 1774 was settled acording to the rules of that denomination in Plainfield, N. H., without any action on the part of the town. In March, 1779, the town voted to accept him as the minister of the town, and by this action he received the right of land belonging to the first settled minister, consisting of three hundred and sixty acres, and worth probably about the same number of dollars. He continued to preach there eight or ten years longer, preaching in his own kitchen, in private houses or in the open air, until he was dismissed and came to this town. He remained connected with the "Orange Parish" until his death, which occurred in September, 1797.

The first notice that we have of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Rutland, is a notice that appeared in March, 1784, that Rev. Mr. Chittenden would deliver a sermon to the Episcopal society, in the State House, Rutland, and on the 30th of September of the same year it was announced that "A Protestant Episcopal Church is formed in Rutland and vicinity under the pastoral care of Mr. Ogden." No results appear to have followed from this organization, although the annual conventions of the Church were held in Rutland, and the parish was represented by lay delegates in 1795, 1802 and 1807. In 1817 another attempt was made, and February 19th of that year "The Protestant Episcopal Society of Trinity Church, Rutland," was organized by the Rev. George T. Chapman, then of Greenfield. Mass. On the 13th of September, 1818, Bishop Griswold, of the Eastern Diocese, visited Rutland, and in his annual address says that this Church "have been very desirous to obtain the permanent services of a settled minister, and have manifested a very laudable liberality in offering to subscribe for his maintenance. They have been disappointed and disheartened."

In 1826, "St. John's Church, Centreville, Rutland," was received into connection with the Convention, and Rev. Louis McDonald, as Minister, in June, 1826, reports that "services have been kept up between this and the East Parish alternately since February last."

In 1831, Rev. Moore Bingham officiated for some time, but for how long I have been unable to ascertain, as "Visiting Minister" of St. John's Church, and from this time that Church seems to have ceased to exist.

In January, 1832, Rev. John A. Hicks accepted the Rectorship of Trinity Church,—and from that time the real existence of the church may be dated,—a church building was soon erected, which was consecrated by Bishop Hopkins in May, 1833.

Rev. John Augustus Hicks, D. D., was born in New York city, February 21, 1800, and graduated at Columbia College in 1823, and at General Theological Seminary in 1826. He was ordained Deacon by Bishop Onderdonk, in Grace Church, Jamaica, August 22, 1826, and ordained Priest by Bishop White, May 28, 1828, in Philadelphia. He was for a short time Assistant Minister to the Rev. Evan M. Johnson, in Jamaica and Brooklyn. He was Rector of Trinity Church, Easton, Penn., from April 1, 1827, to April, 1831, when he accepted a call to St. John's Church, Troy, N. Y., which he resigned in January, 1832, on being invited to the rectorship of Trinity Church, Rutland. He remained in Rutland twenty-eight years, resigning July 7th, 1860, to accept the Willoughby Professorship in the Vermont Episcopal Institute, with the general charge of the Theological department, he having been a member of the Board of Trustees from its organization in 1856. In 1865 he resigned his trusteeship and professorship, and had since that time devoted himself to missionary work in Georgia, Milton and Fairfax. He had been a member of the Standing Committee of the Diocese for over twenty years; a member of the Board of Trustees of the General Theological Seminary; a member of the Board of Law Agents since 1847, and since 1857 Secretary and Treasurer of the Board. He represented the Diocese of Vermont in General (Triennial) Conventions of the Church for the United States at ten different times. He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Vermont and from Trinity College. He died at Burlington, November 4th, 1869, at the age of 69 years.

On the resignation of Rev. Dr. Hicks, the Rt. Rev. John Henry Hopkins, D. D., LL.D., D. C. L., Oxon., officiated until the first of October, 1860, when he was elected and accepted the office of Rector for two years.

Bishop Hopkins was born in Dublin, Ireland, January 30, 1792, and came to America with his parents in 1800, and was educated chiefly by his mother. He was originally a maker of iron, then studied law and was admitted to the bar and practiced his profession at Pittsburg, Pa., and was rapidly rising to eminence, when, in 1823, he left the bar for the ministry, and was ordained a Priest in May, 1824, and immediately became Rector of Trinity Church, Pittsburg. In 1831 he resigned, and became Assistant Minister of Trinity Church, Boston, where he remained until he was elected the first Bishop of the separate Diocese of Vermont, in May, 1832, and was consecrated in New York, October 31st of the same year, by Bishop White. He immediately came to Vermont, accepting, at the same time, the Rectorship of St. Paul's Church, Burlington. He resigned the Rectorship of that Church in 1856, in order that he might devote himself more unreservedly to Diocesan works and the building up of the "Vermont Episcopal Institute." He died at Burlington, January 3d, 1868.

Rev. Roger S. Howard, D. D., succeeded Bishop Hopkins, and became Rector December 1st, 1861, and remained until June, 1867, when he resigned. Rev. Dr. Howard was a native of Vermont, and graduated at Dartmouth College in 1829. He represented the town of Thetford in the Legislature of Vermont in 1849. He subsequently studied for the ministry, and, before coming to Rutland, was Rector of a Church in Greenfield, Mass., and subsequently in Portland, Maine. From here he went to Woodstock, and on the first Sunday of July, 1867, became Rector of St. James' Church. He remained here some over a year, and then resigned to accept the Presidency of Norwich University and the Rectorship of St. Mary's Church, Northfield, where he now remains. Rev. Dr. Howard, was succeeded by Rev. John Milton Peck, who assumed the Rectorship of the Church, August 1st, 1867, and remained here three years.

In 1859, an Episcopal Church and Society was organized at West Rutland, by the name of Grace Church, and was admitted into union with the Convention of the Diocese, June 6th, 1860. This church never had a *resident* Rector, but Rev. D. Willis of Granville, N. Y., had pastoral charge during a portion of the years 1859 and 1860. After him, Rev. Albert H. Bailey took charge of the

parish as its Rector, commencing June 17th, 1860, officiating one-half of the time. Since the close of his labors the parish has become practically extinct.

The Baptist church in Rutland was organized in 1823, and Rev. Hadley Proctor was the first settled minister, commencing his labors in 1827, and remaining here seven years, until 1834.

He was born at Marblehead, Mass., in 1794, was converted when seventeen years of age, and became a member of the Baptist church at Newton, Mass. He was licensed by that church "almost immediately thereafter to preach." He commenced the study of theology with Rev. Dr. Chaplin and removed with him to Waterville, and graduated in 1823, in the second graduating class of that institution. From Waterville he went to China, Maine, and was ordained over the Baptist church in that place in 1823, and remained there until he came to Rutland. From here he went to Brandon, and was the preceptor of the Seminary until 1836, when he again became pastor of the church here. In 1837 he was again called to the Baptist church in China, and remained with that people until his death, April 12th, 1842.

In 1834 and 1835, Rev. Samuel Eastman was pastor of the church.

After the second removal of Mr. Proctor, Rev. Arus Haynes was called to succeed him, and was ordained pastor of the church in the fall of 1837, and dismissed in 1840.

He was born in Middletown, in this county, in August 1812, and graduated at Brown University in 1837. In 1842 he was settled over the Baptist church in Jersey City, N. J., and remained there until 1848, when he became pastor of the church in East Brooklyn, N. Y. In 1851 he made a journey to Europe, in hopes of restoring his impaired health, but not succeeding, he returned to this country, and, in 1852, resigned his pastorate. In the winter of that year he went to Key West, Florida, and died March 31, 1853, while on his return home.

The next pastor was the Rev. Joseph M. Rockwood, who was ordained and settled February 9th, 1842, and dismissed in September, 1849.

He was born at Bellingham, Mass., in 1818, and graduated at Dartmouth College in 1837, studied theology at the Seminary in Waterville, Me., and at the Newton Theological Seminary.

He was succeeded by Rev. Leland Howard, who was settled in 1852, and dissolved the pastoral relation in 1860.

He was born at Jamaica, Vt., October 13th, 1793, and was baptized in Shaftsbury by Rev. Isaiah Mattison, when about seventeen years of age, and from this time commenced to preach. In 1814 he commenced the study of theology with Rev. Joshua Bradley of Windsor, and closed his studies with Rev. James M. Winchell of Boston. He was ordained November 16, 1817, at Windsor, in this State, and settled as pastor of the Baptist church in that town, and remained until 1823, when he became pastor of the First Baptist church in Troy, N. Y. In 1828 he returned to Windsor and remained until 1833, when he was installed over the First Baptist church of Brooklyn; he left there in 1837, and preached a year in Meriden, Conn., and in 1839 was settled in Newport, R. I., and in 1840 at Norwich, N. Y. From 1843 to 1847 he was pastor of the Fifth Street Baptist church in Troy, and from there, in 1847, he went to Hartford, N. Y., where he remained until he came to Rutland. In addition to his regular pastorate here, he, from time to time, supplied the pulpit in the absence of a regular pastor. He was Chaplain of the House of Representatives of Vermont in 1831, and of the Senate in 1861. He died May 5th, 1870.

The next pastor was the Rev. Francis Smith, who commenced his labors on the first Sunday of May, 1860, and preached his farewell sermon July 27th, 1862.

He was born at South Reading, Mass., July 12th, 1812, and graduated at Brown University in 1837, and pursued his theological studies at Newton Theological Seminary, graduating there in 1840. He came to Rutland from Providence, R. I., and after closing his labors here returned to that place

Rev. Mr. Smith was succeeded by Rev. J. C. Fernald of Cambridge, Mass. He was ordained to the ministry here, March 23d, 1864, and became pastor of the church. He remained but a short time.

Rev. Orlando Cunningham supplied the pulpit from November, 1865, to August 5th, 1868.

He was born in Rockingham, Vt., January 31st, 1814, and after studying theology with different clergymen, was ordained at Princeon, Mass., in November, 1841, and was settled over the Baptist

church in that place, and remained there until 1843, when he went to Sterling, in the same State, and was pastor of the Baptist church until 1850. In 1850 he was settled at Middlefield, Mass., and remained until 1855, when he received and accepted a call to the Baptist church in Lebanon, Conn. In 1865, on account of a failure of his eyesight, he resigned his pastorate and came to Vermont to recuperate. During the summer and a portion of the fall of that year, and until he came to Rutland, he supplied the pulpit of the Baptist church in Bellows Falls. Since he closed his connection with the church in Rutland he has continued to reside here, but has preached, at times, to different vacant churches, and is now and since May 1st, 1870, has been preaching to the church in Westhaven.

Mr. Cunningham was succeeded by Rev. Edward Mills, who commenced his labors as pastor of this church, November 1st, 1868.

Rev. Edward Mills was born in Rochdale, England, June 30th, 1828, and came to the United States in January, 1831, studied theology with his pastor, Rev. Henry F. Lane, of Lawrence, Mass., and was licensed to preach by the First church of Lawrence, May 1st, 1860, and was ordained pastor of the church at Hermon, N. Y., June 20, 1861. He resigned July 9th, 1862, and immediately became pastor of the church of Adams Center, N. Y., where he remained pastor until May 1st, 1865, when he was settled at Westminster, Mass. From here he removed to West Troy, N. Y., and remained pastor of the Baptist church in that place until his settlement over the Baptist church in Rutland.

Rutland was formerly included in the Brandon circuit of the Methodist church,—but at what time Rutland became a separate station and had a preacher assigned to it and regular service, I have been unable to ascertain. Without access to the records of the church, the first preacher whose name I find as stationed here is Rev. F. W. Smith, in 1834 and 1835.' From that time, at least, there were regular Methodist services at Center Rutland, and a church or chapel was erected there. The following are the preachers and dates, as near as I can ascertain them without reference to the records; 1838, William F. Barnes; 1841, E. Hall; 1842, M. Townshend, Thomas Hunt; 1843, William Griffin, William H. Hull; 1844, William Griffin; 1846–7, H. Warner, Jr.; 1848–9, A. Lyon; 1850, C. Barber; 1852, William Ford.

On the 12th day of March, 1853, James L. Slason and William A. Burnett were appointed a committee to make arrangements for Methodist preaching at the East Village during the year. They immediately took steps to employ a preacher, and to procure a place for holding meetings, and, strange as it may seem now, they were refused the Court House, although it had been before, and was then and for some time thereafter, used by other religious societies. The result of their arrangements may be seen from the following "Notice," which was left at every house in the village:

"Providence permitting, there will be Methodist preaching at the Railroad Depot in this Village, next Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock, by Rev. John Parker, of the M. E. Church. Yourself and family—all are invited to attend Per order of the Official Board.

WILLIAM A. BURNETT, Secretary.

Rutland June 10, 1853."

The service was held, and from that time to the present there has been a Methodist church in this village. Steps were at once taken to erect a church building, the corner stone of which was laid July 27, 1854.

After this year the church in this village and at Center Rutland were united, and down to 1863 two preachers were stationed here, one for each church. The following are the names of the clergymen and the years of their service: 1853, John Parker; 1854, Alexander Campbell, Angelo Carroll; 1855, Alexander Campbell, A. Carroll; 1856, John Kiernan, J. W. Carhart; 1857, John Kiernan, C. H. Richmond; 1858, C. R. Ford, Edwin H. Hynson; 1859, C. R. Ford, Geo. S. Chadbourne; 1860, M. Ludlum, W. W. Atwater; 1861, M Ludlum, W. W. Atwater; 1862, Geo. S. Chadbourne, J. E. Metcalf; 1863, Geo. S. Chadbourne, Edwin H. Hynson; 1864, Alexander Campbell, Geo. S. Chadbourne; 1865, A. Campbell, J. W. Elkins; 1866, D. W. Dayton; 1867, D. W. Dayton; 1868, A. F. Bailey; 1869, A. F. Bailey; 1870, Barnes M. Hall.

I regret that I have been unable to give biographical memoranda in reference to the different Methodist pastors, but the peculiar nature of that ministry, particularly the shortness of their ministrations here, as elsewhere, has rendered it impracticable, if not impossible, to obtain the facts necessary, and I am therefore compelled to pass with this brief, imperfect, and to me, at least, unsatisfactory sketch.

Prior to 1837 there was no organization of the Roman Catholic Church in Rutland, and in order to attend the services of their own church, the members of the denomination were compelled to, and did, go to Castleton and other places. During that year, or the next, this was made a "missionary station," and the Rev. J. Daly, a very learned and eccentric man, occasionally held services here and at other points in Western Vermont.

The Rev. Z. Druon came here as a missionary in 1854, and in 1855 established St. Bridget's Church at West Rutland and St. Peter's Church in East Rutland, both, however, in the same parish. He remained here until January 5th, 1857, at which time the parish was divided and became two separate parishes. Rev. Charles J. Boylan at that time took charge of St. Peter's Church, and remains Parish Priest to the present time. A small church was built in St. Peter's parish in 1855, and the corner-stone for a large, commodious and elegant church was laid July 5th, 1869, by the Bishop of the Diocese of Burlington, assisted by a number of clergymen, and which is now rapidly approaching completion.

Upon the division of the parish, January 5th, 1857, Rev. F. Picart became Pastor of St. Bridget's Church, where he remained until November, 1859. He was succeeded by Rev. Thomas Lynch, by whose exertions the funds for the erection of the beautiful church at West Rutland were collected. He continued pastor until October, 1869, when he was succeeded by Rev. Charles O'Reilly, the present Parish Priest.

About May, 1869, a Roman Catholic Church was organized from our French population, under the name of "*Eglise du Sacre Cœur de Marie*" (Church of the Sacred Heart of Mary), with the Rev. Louis Gagnier as Parish Priest. They for a time met for worship in Chaffee's Hall, on Merchants' Row, but almost immediately took measures for erecting a church building on Lincoln avenue, which was so far completed as to be ready for use in the spring of 1870. Rev. Louis Gagnier remained Pastor until September, 1870, when he was succeeded by the present Pastor, Rev. J. M. Cloarec.

The Universalists organized a society here about the year 1853, Rev. Charles Woodhouse supplying the pulpit. He remained here some two years, and was succeeded by Rev. H. P. Cutting, who only remained a short time. Their place of meeting was in the

hall of the building on the corner of Merchants' Row and West street. After Mr. Cutting left the society became practically extinct.

In February, 1858, a religious society calling themselves "Christians," founded, if I mistake not, by Elder Miles Grant of Boston, was organized by the name of "Christ Church." They, in 1860, built a church or chapel on West street, which is now known as the "Free Christian Chapel." The first regular preacher was Elder Matthew Batchelder, who remained about three years, and was succeeded by Elder H. F. Carpenter, who was followed by Elder Geo. W. Stetson. The church is now, and has been for some time, vacant.

A Liberal Christian society was organized in Rutland, July 20th, 1867. Since the society was organized it has been supplied from one to five Sabbaths each by Rev. Dr. Stebbins and Rev. William Tilden of Boston, Rev. J. F. Moors of Greenfield, Mass., Rev. Mr. Reynolds of Concord, Mass. In addition to these temporary supplies, Rev. C. A. Hayden of Boston supplied the pulpit one-half of the time for six months. Rev. F. W. Holland was employed by the society from the second Sunday of February to the second day of August, 1869. He was succeeded by the Rev. L. W. Brigham, who commenced his labors on the third Sunday of September, 1869, and remained until the second Sunday of September, 1870.

We have thus imperfectly passed in review the different religious societies in Rutland and their several pastors, and trust that we have succeeded in rescuing some facts and dates from oblivion, and placed others, which would soon be forgotten, in a form in which they may be preserved.

NOTE.—As the last pages of this address are passing through the press, we are pained to learn of the death of the Rev. Charles Walker, D. D., the second pastor of the Congregational Church of the East Parish of Rutland, which occurred at Binghampton, N. Y., Monday, November 28th, 1870.

THIRD DAY.

OLD FOLKS' CONCERT.

We extract from the Rutland HERALD the following account of the Old Folks' Concert on Tuesday evening:

The Old Folks' Concert at Ripley Opera Hall, last evening, will long be remembered by our community as one of the happiest and most delightful features of this joyous, festive Centennial; and for ourselves we can but express grateful thanks to all who contributed to its success. It was a happy conception, and most admirably carried out. Not a little of the praise so universally bestowed is due to the Wales Cornet Band. North Bennington may well be proud of it, as we are of our Rutland Choral Society. Every ticket was sold by noon of yesterday, and to say there was a full house does not at all express the idea. It was packed, jammed, and long before the curtain rose hundreds or more had gone away, unable to gain a foot place on the floor of the Hall. As previously announced, the orchestra consisted of the above named band. Mrs. W. N. Oliver of our town appeared as soprano soloist, Mr. S. C. Moore of Burlington as pianist, our townsman, Mr. J. N. Baxter, as solo flutist, with our Rutland Choral Society, under the direction of R. J. Humphrey, for the chorus. Of the band we have only good words. They have most agreeably disappointed our community. Their full band introduction to the second part of the evening's entertainment was certainly very finely given, and, as an unusual characteristic of such music, we noticed that it did not seem to oppress the ear of the listener, although confined, as it was, within the walls of a concert room. We attributed this in part to the fact that they played so well in tune, depending upon their harmony rather than their *brass* for effect. When they go from us they will bear with them the thanks and kind wishes of a host of friends in Rutland.

Of Mrs. Oliver's singing we cannot say too much. Her praise was in all mouths. She seems to have fairly captivated our community by her bird-like purity of tone and sweetness of voice and manners. She completely reversed the old adage that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country." In singing the old Scotch air, "Within a mile of Edinboro' town," she received the

especial compliment of applause at the end of each stanza, and in recognition of the *encore*, at the end of the song repeated the last verse. She next sung "Thou Everywhere," with a flute obligato, admirably executed by Mr. Baxter, accompanied by Mr. Moore, which was encored, when they favored the audience with a new, fresh bird song by somebody who knows how to write songs to please an audience. The "Italian Waltz," Mrs. Oliver's last song on the programme was also something new to a Rutland audience, and the most difficult bit of execution we have known this lady to have ever attempted. She was again encored, and, in response, sung "Waiting," by Willard, taking the high E in the cadenza with perfect ease and precision. The degree of excellence to which this lady has attained as an amateur is, we think, something remarkable, and is justly deserving of hearty commendation.

Mr. Moore was quite too sparing of his solo playing to fully satisfy his audience. He played but once during the evening. We cannot give the title of the delicate morceau he favored us with, but it was exquisitely rendered, as is everything he performs. He is a great favorite with Rutlanders, and cannot come among us too often.

We enjoyed an unwonted pleasure in listening, as we have not in years before, to Mr. Baxter's liquid flute. He performed an overture from one of the Italian operas delightfully. If it was as easy to play the flute as he makes it seem, we should all be flutists. "May his shadow never be less."

Last, not least, we desire to say a few words in honest praise of what has been accomplished by our Rutland Choral Society. And just here we cannot give too much credit to Mr. R. J. Humphrey, their excellent and indefatigable conductor. He has been identified with the society from its beginning, and without promise of reward has labored incessantly for its welfare. From feeble beginnings he has seen the society come to be one of the established institutions of our county. Their performance last night was truly gratifying to all who listened. They showed marked improvement since their last appearance not long ago at the same place. They sing in better tune, and the several parts were much more evenly balanced than ever before. We noticed that many tearful eyes bore testimony to their effective singing among the older portion of the audi-

ence while the old fugue tunes were being sung, their memory doubtless quickened by the quaint tableau of the spinning-wheel and yarn-swifts in the corner. But in our mind the grandest, noblest feature of the entertainment was when, in instant recognition of the first notes of the closing piece of the evening, the entire audience, without a word or hint, voluntarily rose and joined in our sublime national anthem, "The Star Spangled Banner."

A rich display of the occasion, which we had almost omitted to mention, was the display of the "Flood-wood Militia," dressed and undressed, between the first and second parts of the concert. Their drill, perhaps though not according to Hardee's tactics, was for the occasion much more pleasing, eliciting ROUNDS of applause, and though they beat a hasty retreat, there was none able to CHASE 'em.

FOURTH DAY.

At ten o'clock on Wednesday, being the fourth and last day of the Centennial Celebration, a large audience assembled at the Opera House, when the Rev. James Davie Butler, LL.D., a native of Rutland, but now a resident of Madison, Wisconsin, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS OF REV. JAMES DAVIE BUTLER, LL.D.

Eighteen hundred and eighty-seven years ago, and perhaps on this self-same day, imperial Rome was celebrating one of her centennials. The cry of the heralds was, *Convenite ad ludos spectandos quos nec spectavit quisquam nec spectaturus est*, "Assemble yourselves and behold a spectacle which no one has ever beheld, or will behold again." The festival lasted three days. Every night was enlivened by dances, every night and every day was solemnized by sacrifices. The choral ode had been composed by the poet Horace, then at the height of his fame. Its intricacies made Byron, and still make classical tyros hate its author, but its patriotic and exultant strains were equally perspicuous and welcome to thrice nine

youths and as many maidens, no one of them bereaved of either father or mother, who formed the choir which rung them out in the Circus Maximus. It was a happy era. Legends regarding the Trojan origin of Rome had just been crystalized, as in a mammoth Kohinoor, in the Æneid of Virgil. The city which Augustus had found brick he was fast transforming to marble. The temple of the war-god, Janus, was shut, for there remained no foes to conquer worthy of the Roman steel. Rome was the only universal empire the sun ever shone upon, and hence was greater than all which had gone before, or that were to come after her. She only wore without corrival all its dignities. Such was a centennial in the most high and palmy state of the Cæsars.

What is ours to-day? We celebrate the arrival of the first pilgrim-train which here settled. One century ago a dozen people entered this valley with a view to make it their home. They brought with them nothing save what they could carry, either on their own backs or on pack horses. No farmer's ox-team had as yet been driven over the mountain. They had not much of education or property. Their houses were of logs, low, narrow, and destitute of furniture. For twenty years the title to their lands hung in doubt before them. They were far from markets where they could sell what they did not want, and buy what they did. War to the scalping-knife soon raged around them, and that for seven years. For forty-nine years there was no church really *in* this village. The recruits who joined the first comers, some of them outlawed by New York,—others deserters from more than one army,—others leaving their country for their country's good, or having lost caste there, remind one of David's partisans when "if any man was in distress, or if any man was in debt, or if any man was discontented," they betook themselves to his cave in the cliff. Moreover, during forty years of the nineteenth century Rutland was notorious as a case of arrested development, like the legendary monkeys who were intended for men, but whose creation being begun on Saturday afternoon, was stopped in accordance with Connecticut Blue Laws, by the coming on of the Sabbath, while they were still "scarce half made up." Hence a satirist would say that Rutland was fitly named after the smallest county in England, and one chiefly famous for producing the smallest specimen of a British dwarf. It is clear,

therefore, that the pompous ceremonial of this week, in honor of the birth of a town so insignificant long after its cradle years, may appear the comedy of "Much Ado about Nothing,"—like the sacrifice of an ox on an altar dedicated to a fly. To what purpose is this waste? Imperial Rome and Infantile Rutland! That was to this, Hyperion to a Satyr.

Nevertheless, townsmen, you, like me, have beheld with equal wonder and delight the primitive pettiness of Rutland after long burial come forth in a better resurrection and swelled to fair proportion, thanks to my life-long friend, Henry Hall. Minutiae picked from the worm-holes of long vanished days, and raked from the dust of old oblivion, struck by his wand, rejoice, like Pompeii, in newness of life. His historical regenerations brought to my mind the mosaics in St. Peters, in elaborating which there was keenness discriminating multitudinous shades of color, patience imitating them all in a sort of porcelain types,—ingenuity ranging them bit by bit till all jagged atoms are fitly joined together, and a species of genius sprinkling curious touches even to the perfection of a faultless picture.

But how has Mr. Hall been able to discover all things from the very first? This is a hard question, and yet I can answer it. Drowning men remember a great deal they had forgotten. Therefore Mr. Hall has had all the oldest inhabitants ducked in Otter Creek, and held under water till near the drowning point. When they came to from strangulation he sat by and noted down their revelations from first to last.

Your pleasure in surveying Mr. Hall's portraiture of Rutland primeval,—perhaps I ought to say paradisaical,—has been unmixed. But mine has not. On the other hand, my thought has been, "What shall the man say that cometh after the King?" The truth is that Mr. Hall, and he only, holds the key to everything worth knowing regarding antiquarian Rutland, while I have long been, not only far from such keys, but divided by oceans and continents from the very key-holes. Accordingly, when invited to speak on this anniversary, I could not forget a minister who had agreed to preach on a text sent to him in a sealed envelope, and which he was not to open until he had stood up for his sermon. The envelope contained nothing but a sheet of blank paper. One blank page betokened my ignorance of Rutland archives,—the other my inability to unroll

them. Concerning that preacher the story is that, gazing on one blank page, he exclaimed, "Why, here in *nothing!*" and then, turning the sheet over, added, "And Lo! *here* is nothing!" But then, his good angel coming to his rescue inspired him to add, "Nothing! nothing! why, out of nothing God made the world, and so my subject shall be the creation." I cannot boast of such opportune inspirations, and, in my western home striving to vie with Mr. Hall in reference to those local details by which he has made the past re-live and look us in the face, I should be dropping buckets into empty wells, and growing old with drawing nothing up, while my chronicles of Rutland, through lack of local coloring, would resemble that picture of the Israelites crossing the Red Sea which was all one dead wall or barn door of Spanish brown. When the artist was asked, "Where are the Children of Israel?" the answer was, "They have all passed over"—and when the question recurred, "Where are the hosts of Pharaoh?" "Why they," said he, "they are all drowned."

After all, as a child of Rutland, as the son of a man who settled in this town in the second decade of its existence, and made it his home during more than half a century,—yes, as myself a Rutlander who, while traveling more than half round the world, has still retained an untraveled heart, I would fain speak to you as I can,—though I cannot as I would. Nothing on one page, and nothing on another, suggested a sermon on creation out of nothing, so the founding of Rutland, which we now commemorate,—a mere blank as it regards my means of knowledge, and, when antiquaries have done their utmost, a blank to all who care only for the sensational, brings to my mind a *creation* of which I now propose to speak, a creation not natural, but social and political.

It is often said, "How much there is on board every ship not noted in her bill of lading." In like manner the Rutland pioneers brought with them not a little that no sharp eye could detect in their scanty outfit. Those of them who were most eager to escape from the past, those who had deserted their native lands lacking both inheritance and occupation there, as it were instinctively, established institutions analogous to those on which they had turned their backs.

In reference to *law*, their spirit was that of the forefathers of

Connecticut, who voted to be bound by the laws of Moses till they had time to make others better. As to the *execution* of law, they appointed the needful officers and backed them up by the whole force of the community. A convicted criminal could not get reprieved for a second trial unless some reliable man would volunteer to be hanged as his substitute if legal trickery should clear him, as Ethan Allen once volunteered in Bennington. Some of them were ignorant, but you have heard how early they established a school and built a school-house. Too many of them were personally irreligious, but they soon called a minister and reared a sanctuary, though rather far off,—and out of the way. Moreover, the Rutlanders brought with them to their new abode the *township* system in which they had been nurtured. That style of local government for maintaining the neighborhood poor, as well as for providing roads, bridges, police, schools and churches, in the way which seems best to a majority of the citizens convened in a town or church meeting, was long deemed an expedient too simple and natural to deserve any fame, but since the eulogies of the philosophic De Tocqueville it has become famous as the best illustration extant of pure democracy. States made up of such elements are immortal, and

> "Vital in every part,
> Cannot but by annihilating die."

I need scarcely add that the Rutland community, like sister townships, by sending delegates to conventions and then to a Legislature, gave a specimen of many slender democracies woven together in one web of representative union, like Esop's feeble arrows gathered together into a strong sheaf, or, better, like the soldiers in an army co-ordinated, and subordinated, till each does what he can do best, and all are correspondent to the command of him who can guide to the noblest achievement.

The word "Town," then, which Texans to this day define "a place where whisky is sold," to a Rutlander meant protection, education, sociality, religion,—mutual relations which

> "Bide each on others for assistance call,
> Till each one's weakness grew the strength of all."

In the next place, the event which we have gathered to hold in remembrance has come to seem to me more memorable than I at first thought it, as a representative specimen of *colonization*.

Colonization has been one of the great means by which man has

improved his condition. Such has been its tendency among Jews downward from when Abraham heard the voice of God, saying, "Get thee out of thy country, and I will make of thee a great nation." See Carthage a colony of Tyre. See Grecian colonists spreading from the farthest shores of the Black Sea to the Sicilies, where they developed great Greece. See Rome becoming a tree like that in the visions of Daniel, the height thereof reaching to heaven, and the sight thereof to the end of all the earth, through surrounding herself with a hundred annular rings of colonies, each including the growth of all former time. See European barbarians swarming from their northern hive, and thus civilized and christianized.

How does colonizing cultivate? Through a change of base men secure a vantage-ground for a new start after failure, they gain a fair field for new experiments, they plunge into that necessity which is mother of invention,—they cast off in their long march valueless heirlooms, mental no less than material,—they are roused to the utmost endeavors by new hopes, new havings, new potentialities of progress. O, the blood more stirs to rouse a lion than to start a hare. Looking forth on new heavens and a new earth, they become new men themselves, rejuvenated where all is young, as if they had discovered the fountain of youth for which the alchemists and Ponce De Leon sought so long.

In the occupation of the new world by the old, so far as these tendencies of colonization have had free course, they have been glorified. However inferior the Spanish colonies may be to old Spain, the creoles there seem neither inferior to their own ancestors nor lower in culture than they would have been, had those ancestors never crossed the sea. The Irish by emigration have inherited what is often called "Kingdom come," as truly as the Israelites did by their journey to Egypt before the King arose who knew not Joseph. In only three Irish counties do the highest wages of farm laborers amount, besides board, to twenty-five cents a day.

It is a puzzle to many that the bubble of Mormonism proves so permanent a delusion. There would not be truth enough in it to make a lasting lie, were it not that colonization is a physical blessing to almost all Mormons. They whom their overcloyed countries vomit forth, come from the workhouses of England, from the mines

of Wales, from the marshes of Denmark, or from soils where they must sow a bushel in order to reap a peck. Here they have bread enough and to spare, they own houses and lands.—possessions at home beyond their dreams. They have discovered America and America has discovered them. Their hearts with glad surprise to higher levels rise.

Thus removal to America has lifted Europeans to a higher level than they could have attained on the continent of their nativity. For the same reason, a similar advancement has been promoted by subsequent colonizations which I may call *intra*-continental, or within the continent. Just one century ago England essayed by paper proclamations and surveyors' chains to dam up the migrational wave which then first began to roll inland from the Atlantic States.

> "She might as well go stand upon the beach,
> And bid the main flood bate its usual height."

Now had she been able to keep all whites east of the Alleghanies, then at this day how few our numbers, how small our territory, how scanty our exports, how effete our elements of prosperity. But *what* have our domestic wanderers sought? Mines as in California, furs, lumber, water privileges,—but above all, *land* privileges,—broad acres for grain or grazing. They were born too late to master land,—at least much of it, in the homes of their birth—but in new States it was within their grasp. Becoming landlords, they became lords of the land. They reached the standpoint which Archimedes sighed for in order to move the world. No sooner are farmers established in any region than all varieties of artisans, traders and professional men flock thither—to build their houses, furnish them clothing, furniture, foreign gewgaws, buy their produce, as well as dose them with pills and preaching, pumps and politics, lectures and liquors.

In this rise and progress of society every member comes to face that experience which, according to the proverb, teaches even fools. The fleas which vex a dog as he lies in his kennel he does not notice when he is chasing game. No man long mistakes his calling, but the chances multiply that he will be placed in the niche he was ordained to fill.

In new communities wages, measured by the price of wheat, are enormous. They are also high in money, With a view to keep

them down, one of the earliest laws in Massachusetts forbade any one to give or take more than two shillings for a day's work. Mauger all this, prices went up. When the carpenter had finished the town stocks, his charge seemed so exorbitant that the indignant magistrates forced him to sit as the first culprit, with his own feet fast in his own handiwork.

In States new born no tall trees keep down the underbrush,—every man's energies find ample room, an exciting object, and often an ideal element in whose ennobling stir he feels himself self-exalted. Hence an idler is there a monster, and pauperism is well-nigh unknown. A boy who had grown up in Ticonderoga as a pauper migrated to St. Louis and there became worth more than all the inhabitants of his native town. Like Saul, he went out seeking asses, but he found a kingdom. Crimes, also, in new States,—except those springing from sudden passion,—are few.

> "So the pure limpid stream when foul with stains
> Of rushing torrents and descending rains,
> Works itself clear, and as it runs refines,
> And a new heaven in its fair bosom shines."

The first steps of the movement, intra-continental and trans-continental, I date just one century ago, and simultaneous with the planting of Rutland.

Two years before, in 1768, Carver returned to New England from exploring the upper Mississippi, and first proposed opening a passage across the continent, as the best route for communication with China and the East Indies. In 1769, Pontiac, the evil genius so long repressive of western adventurers, perished. In the same year, Daniel Boone first saw the Kentucky. In 1770, forty Virginians reached the Cumberland, Carolinians penetrated to Natchez, Connecticut men were at Wyoming,—were seeking land grants on the lower Mississippi,—were claiming eight hundred miles west of the Alleghanies. Hear the prophecy of these last knights errant,—one that we see more than fulfilled:

"In fifty years," said they, "our people will be more than half over this tract, extensive as it is; in less than one century the whole may become even well cultivated. If the coming period bears due proportion to that from the landing of poor distressed fugitives at Plymouth, nothing that we can fancy of the state of this country at a period equally future, can exceed what it *will* then be."

Besides all this, I have chanced to discover an event that took place on the self-same year and month and *day* which we now commemorate,—one hundred years ago *this* day,—and which emphatically marks that era as the day-spring of colonization breaking over the limits of the Atlantic colonies. In the very hours when the first comers to Rutland were here arriving, George Washington on horseback was making his first day's march in a nine weeks' expedition beyond the Virginia mountains in search of western lands,—farms which had been granted his soldiers by the Legislature. His journal thus opens:

"October 5th, 1770.—Began a journey to the Ohio in company with Dr. Craik, his servant and two of mine. Dined at Towlston and lodged at Leesburg, distant from Mount Vernon about forty-five miles."

This coincidence in the movements of Washington and of the Rutlanders should seem to us as remarkable as a cat's eyes coming just where there are holes in her skin, then seemed to the liege lord of both of them, George III. Neither Rutlander nor Washington was content to vegetate like the rhubarb pie-plant under a barrel and see the world only through its bung-hole.

The hamlet here a hundred years ago was Lilliputian, almost contemptible in itself. Yet it was the baby figure of a giant mass, henceforth to come at large. It was among the first outbreaks, or rather *inbreaks*, of the irrepressible Yankee. That Yankee spirit,—colonizing in order to cultivation and culture,—my eyes have seen its miracles beyond the Missouri, beyond the Sierra Nevada, in Hawaiian Honolulu, in Egyptian Thebes, in Syrian Beyroot.

Thus the spring which here gushed forth, a century ago, was one head of a river that was to flow on and on making glad the cities of the world. To what shall I *compare* this fountain? It seems to me like a picture of the signing of the Declaration of our Independence,—small to the eye, great to the mind. To the eye it is fifty men in plain clothes, in a room plainly furnished, writing their names. To the mind it is nothing less than the laying of the corner-stone of the empire of hope,

> She that lifts up the manhood of the poor,
> She of the open heart, and open hand,
> With room enough about her hearth for all mankind.

Mr. Hall's pictures of Rutland in its swaddling-clothes seem to

me the best that can be painted by one shut up to his sources of knowledge. But he was not an eye-witness how Rutland began to be, and I doubt if he ever had an historical talk with no more than one ante-revolutionary settler, or if he ever entered a town not yet five years old.

Nevertheless, the truth is that history repeats itself. What Vermont was in 1770 Nebraska is in 1870, or rather all social eras are co-existent and contemporaneous. Accordingly whatever Mr. Hall has described from tradition my eyes have seen beyond the Missouri. Voyaging up that river I have sailed up the stream of time. Let Mr. Hall go out West, and there, names and dates being changed, he shall behold as waking realities what, after all antiquarian researches here, must remain the baseless fabric of a vision. The Rutland "of the dark backward" he shall there survey cut out of the distant past and brought safe into the present. How shall I pardon him that he has not long ago pilgrimed where such ravishing views of settlements in babyhood are as familiar as babies themselves? Why seeks he the living among the dead?

Many years ago, happening by lucky chance to procure a license for myself and friends to inspect the iron crown of Lombardy, on arriving at the cathedral where it is enshrined I discovered a score of people in the treasury admiring a fac simile of that hoop of gold lined with the iron which is reputed to have formed one of the nails by which Christ was crucified, a crown which Lombard kings and German emperors for twelve centuries have worn at their coronations. Astonished at the interest these devotees manifested in the mock diadem, I invited them one and all to enter the sanctuary with me and delight themselves with its time-honored original. That vision was to them beatific.

Mr. Hall's mosaic has shown you a fac simile of an incipient commonwealth. In the great valley of the West such beau ideals are daily realized, so that your bodily eyes may gaze in broad day upon whatever he has contemplated only through the moonlight of memory, and has shown only to your mind's eye.

It were, perhaps, natural to expect that a speaker in the position now assigned me, would contrast Rutland to-day with its aspect in 1770. But the Rutland of to-day is known to you and unknown to me. If, therefore, I should expatiate on *that* theme, I must fare

as I did two years ago in the University of Athens, when showing the students how to pronounce their vernacular Greek. Again, how shall one contrast something with nothing? and in 1770 Rutland was still nothing in respect to the works of man, while, as to the works of God,—aside from the destruction of forests,—all things remain as at the first. The mountain forms and their sky lines, here as round about Jerusalem,—thank Heaven,—can never be much changed. I see them to-day just as I saw them when my eyes first learned to delight in them as the heaven-kissing wall of a valley embosoming all the sweets of nature, while excluding the cares and sorrows of the world. I see them as my father saw them in 1786, and as the first comers saw them sixteen years before. Well has some one asserted that no man is ever homesick for his natal soil, unless its scenery is such that he can find his way home without a guide-board. The *reason* is that only in such places are the features of Mother Nature unmistakable. When a man born on a prairie, or in Chicago, returns to it after long absence, the places that had known him know him no more. Nor yet does he know the places. He cannot recognize the face of his own mother.

It is on this account that the highlanders have a contempt for lowland regions. Accordingly, when a Dutchman was quoting the grandiloquent hexameter of a patriotic Holland poet, *Tellurem fecere Dii, sua litora Belgae*, the English of which is that, "while the Gods made all the rest of the world, the Dutch created Holland," he provoked my Green Mountain pride so that I could not help retorting, "The Dutch made Holland, did they? I should really think they did; it *looks* as if a Dutchman had made it."

> "Holland that scarce deserves the name of land,
> As but the offscouring of British sand,
> This undigested vomit of the sea,
> Fell to the Dutch by just propriety."

But the characteristic features of Rutland, even to the utmost bounds of its everlasting hills, the trinity of goodly mountains, Killington, Pico and Shrewsbury, were not made by *hands*, or only by *His* hands "which by His strength setteth fast the mountains being girded with power."

But while the earth abideth forever, one generation passeth away and another generation cometh. Our fathers, where are they?

> "Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
> The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

Meeting lately in Iowa a Rutlander who forty years ago was living here with me, we sat down and talked over the occupants of every house at that time in this village. Only two or three could we remember as dwelling where they then dwelt,—"a gleaning of grapes when the vintage is done." The pioneer Madame Williams, mother of the Governor, the lady ancient and honorable, of whom my earliest feeling was,—"Nor spring nor summer beauty hath such grace as I have seen in her autumnal face," had already passed away. We recalled Temple, the excellency of dignity; Williams, the genial judge, whom I have seen weep as he sentenced a culprit; Walker, the minister, who was to me more awe-inspiring than the whole papal conclave in after years; Hodges, our merchant prince; Strong, rightly named, for he was *strong* indeed; Royce, the most popular of men, and Ormsbee, the most acute; Alvord, from whose cabinet shop Congressman Meacham had just gone to college, and who was just about to send General Benjamin Alvord to West Point.

Senator Foot we first saw when, the Castleton Seminary proving bankrupt, he was admitted to the Rutland bar. Who then could prophesy that he would live to preside over the national Senate? As little did Page, in the bank, foresee that he was training up a Governor. Green, Porter, Fay, Lord, Burt, Gove, Hall, with more others than I can mention, crowded upon our memories and tongues,

> "And every lovely feature of their life
> Did come appareled in more precious habit,
> Than when they lived indeed."

I see here a centenarian city, but my eyes seek in vain a centenarian citizen. I saw one ten years ago in the capital of Wisconsin. I was there making a Fourth of July oration, and there sat before me the only revolutionary pensioner surviving in the State,—a hundred years old,—his youth passed in New England, his middle life in New York, his age on the Mississippi. I called him a three-fold man,—who had fought his country's foes on the land and on the sea, and, if his Maker had given him wings, he would have fought them in the air. "Look," I cried, "with all your eyes on what you never saw before, and never will see hereafter!"

The people took the horses out of the old man's carriage, and drew him themselves in triumph round the park.

Thus would *we* delight to honor a Rutland centenarian, did Heaven vouchsafe us one at this centenary.

On this day of commemorating our ancestors who stood here a century ago, it is impossible not to contrast the *world* as they saw it with what our eyes to-day behold.

1770! In that year George the Third, who, according to English wits, reigned as long as he could, and then mizzled and misted, and who, even when crazy and clapped into a strait jacket, refused to believe himself a limited monarch, chose Lord North for his prime minister, who for a three penny tax on tea bartered away the brightest jewel of the crown, and, on the next morning after the time we are hallowing as the birthday of Rutland, the British monarch, seeing a cannon fired twenty times in a minute, pronounced it an argument no Bostonian could resist. Yes, a hundred years ago all England hugged the delusion that five thousand of her soldiers could subjugate America. She had just bullied Spain into evacuating the Falkland Islands, but was not without fears of France. In Paris the Abbe Raynal was just propounding his theory that Americans had "degenerated through transplanting, as if nature had punished men for crossing the ocean." He fortified his philosophy by the facts that Indians have no beards, and so passed for men half finished, as well as that "of those Americans educated in Europe not one had risen to any great perfection in the slightest pursuit; and of those who had staid in their own country not one had distinguished himself by superiority in those talents which lead to fame." Austria, loving darkness rather than light, rebuffed the emperor who strove to deliver her, till he wrote as his own epitaph, "Hic jacet one who failed in all that he ever undertook." Prussia, which up to the Seven Years war had been asking pardon of her neighbors for being born, had already aggrandized herself by sharing in the first partition of Poland. Russia had just banished the Jews, and for the first time gained decided advantages over Turkey, and was sending a fleet into the Mediterranean. Denmark bombarded Algiers, but so feebly as to embolden the pirates there. Capt. Cook was circumnavigating the globe, though as yet only a lieutenant. The first Napoleon and Wellington,—both children of the same year,—were still unweaned in their cradles. The two first settlers in one Vermont township had been in it almost a year before either knew that the other was there. Their non intercourse was of a piece with that in the great world. Countries separated by a

hundred miles of geographical distance were put asunder a thousand miles by mutual contempt, and then touched one another at only a few points, while now no king can turn over in his bed without disturbing the slumbers of a dozen neighboring potentates.

1770! Then the natural sciences were still in embryo. It was eleven years afterward when Cavendish, by decomposing water, laid the corner-stone of chemistry. It was sixteen years afterward before the twitching of a frog's leg led Galvani to originate the science which embalms his name, and which now, like Puck, puts a girdle round the earth in forty minutes. It was seventeen years afterward when Werner published those ideas on stratification which gave birth to geology.

1770! One year before, Arkwright had invented the spinning jenny,—a contrivance surpassing the hand wheel as much as the sewing machine surpasses the hand needle, but which has itself been improved every year since. It was twenty-three years afterward when Whitney devised the cotton gin, without which the jenny would have been idle half the time for lack of cotton to spin.

1770! One year before, and when Fulton was four years old, Watt had obtained his first patent for the steam engine, which has done more for England than all the treaties she ever made and all the battles she ever fought. It was eighteen years afterward when Darwin uttered the poetical prophecy,—

> "Soon shall thine arm, unconquered Steam! afar,
> Drag the slow barge or drive the rapid car"—

a prediction not fulfilled till the first passenger railway was completed fifty-five years after. Two years after 1770, Bridgewater, the originator of the canal system, died in full faith that the chief end for which rivers were created was to feed canals, and that canals could never be superseded.

1770! Forty-four years were to roll on before the first issue by steam of the London *Times*, a thunderer whose peals the newspaper press the world over has always been proud either to echo or to counterblast.

1770! The death of Whitefield befell on the fifth day before that which we keep as the birthday of Rutland, and the death of Benning Wentworth, the New Hampshire Governor who chartered it, was on the sixteenth day after. Up to this time no Bible had ever been

printed in America. That very year the first missionary was sent to Labrador by Moravians, but none went abroad from non-Moravian England till 1793, nor from the United States till nineteen years later, 1812.

1770! Though Berkeley had four and forty years before sung in poetic rapture,

"Westward the course of empire takes its way,"

the thirteen colonies had then no more than nine institutions which had even the name of colleges,—and New England only four,—one of those, Dartmouth, born that same year, and still an Indian school.

1770 was a dark year for America. Then martial law was declared in Massachusetts. Then its royal governor offered £100 for the name of the author of a pasquinade on the royal judges, posted on Boston town house. Then, on the 5th of March, was the Boston massacre, described in all sermons as the blood of innocence crying from the ground. Then the liberty pole in New York was cut down by red-coats. Then tyrannical taxation drove to non-importation, *tea*-totallers gave up tea, as sea-tottlers give up *every* thing in heave-offerings, and all the Harvard and Princeton graduates were dressed in homespun. The commencement themes at Princeton were, "Non importation the glory of America." "The right to resist a bad King." "All men by nature free." The air was full of rumors about France and Spain combining against England, and myriads were longing to see their stepmother fall into such a necessity as would prove their opportunity. Such was 1770!

What is 1870? That truly is a blind man's question, like asking, "Why does beauty please us?" The answer ought to be that epitaph of Sir Christopher Wren which we read beneath the dome, radiating toward every quarter of the earth and directing its convergent curves to Heaven, which he had reared so broad and high as to transcend all others save the miracle of Michael Angelo. The felicity of its position gives sublimity to Wren's epitaph, namely: *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice!*—If you seek his monument, look around you! When we look around us here, *where* can we turn that our eyes do not rest on monuments of the last century? In Rutland we see such monuments not only in every human work, everything whatever graven by art and man's device, but in most of the inventions of which these works are specimens. I mean

agricultural machinery, which has made farming a sedentary pur suit; postal facilities "which waft a sigh from Indus to the pole;" drawing-room cars like the Queen City, combining in one the bed of Morpheus, the boudoir of Venus and Apollo's chariot of fire; photography, which makes the sun stand still and paint our portraits; locomotives, megatheria mightier by far than all the mammoths of Siberia; and the telegraph, which, though it hath no tongue, doth speak with most miraculous organ.

It is no more than sixty-five years since the first whites crossed the continent in our latitude. Last year an iron river had flowed across it from ocean to ocean. Already its banks swarm with settlers, even as an unbroken oasis skirts the Suez canal all through the desert. Rutland had seen twenty one years when the first new State was added to the original thirteen. Twenty-four have now been added. Vermonters are in them all, and everywhere at home. Long after Rutland began to be, a Vermont judge was in a minority of one when he refused to recognize any title to a slave except a bill of sale in the handwriting of the Lord Almighty, but we behold all Americans concurring in his opinion, and by the Fifteenth Amendment filling up the "great gulf fixed" which so long severed the North and the South. African enfranchisement was as though the Vatican Laocoon should be released from the serpent who has so long held him in stony coils,

> "As if he whom the asp, in its marble grasp,
> Kept close and for ages strangled,
> Got loose from the hold of each serpent fold,
> And exulted, disentangled."

Time fails me to descant on the increase within a hundred years of churches at home and of missions abroad, like the spring-time, leaving no corner of the world untouched; on common schools, good enough for the best, while cheap enough for the poorest; and of travel, long the luxury of the few, now the necessity of the millions, and confessed to be, next to falling in love, the best means of making up for the lack of a liberal education.

"The *eye* affecteth the heart." No man who saw 1770 also sees 1870. It has, however, been my lot to survey Europe twice, with an interval of a quarter of a century between my visits. My second journey, in 1867, was gladdened from first to last by the advancement I everywhere beheld from the status of 1842. Having

been drawn by horses from Glasgow to Naples, as well as throughout Germany, I was the more exhilarated, while careering over those routes and five times as far, with locomotives. My first journey was as "through a hedge of thorns," owing to passport vexations; on my second no passports were needed, save in Russia and Rome. Having of old been in suspense for a month without American tidings, I felt a double zest in daily telegrams by the trans-Atlantic cable.

Revisiting France, I was astonished at the increment of her commercial marine in Bordeaux and Marsailles, at her steam lines across our ocean and to every Mediterranean port, at the peerless architectural improvements along Parisian streets, and at the World's Fair, uniting mankind as Babel had dispersed them,—the bright, consummate flower of all civilizations,—a concentration of curiosities such as no man had seen before, and such as I fear none of us will live long enough to see again.

As a youthful student, I had rambled through Germany when its governments were forty save two, so small that I had ridden by diligence through seven of them in one day, and those "dissevered, discordant, belligerent." In middle life, I gazed on Germany consolidated in a Union worth as much to its citizens as ours is to us, united as one individual soul, and therefore confident against a world in arms. The statue of Luther, which I had seen excluded from the Walhalla, I lived to admire enshrined in that temple of glory, while Catholics, vying with Protestants, delighted to honor the dedication of his monument in Worms.

On my early pilgrimage I had been a looker-on in Vienna, and judged it a Gibraltar impregnable to reform, and all Austria incurably conservative of medieval follies. But the summer before my later tour, the needle guns at Sadowa pierced the cancer of Hapsburg conceit, not hurtfully but healingly.

"As he who struck at Jason's life,
Aiming to make his purpose sure,
With a malicious, vengeful knife,
Did wound him but to cure."

But no part of my second journey was more jubilant than my Italian tour. I had left in Italy eight principalities; when I returned all had become one kingdom,—all but one half of the old popedom,—a kingdom with monasteries abolished and primary schools

established, and those on Vermont models, thanks to the Vermonter who represents us in Florence. In Milan I addressed a band of seventeen theological students, who had been collected by another Vermonter, our consul there. Venice, so long drugged as with burglar's chloroform by Austria, I rejoiced with as she clapped her hands in new-born transports. The lion of St. Mark, so glorified by her artists, there half appeared pawing to get free, then sprang as broke from bonds, and rampant shook his braided mane. But for Napoleonic intervention, I should have hailed Rome as the Queen of all Italy. In fact, I came to the Pope while his temporal power hung in doubt before him, the gates of Rome walled up or with earthworks before them, sand-bags on the ramparts, loopholes for riflemen knocked through the ancient walls. The speech of the people, no less than the aspect of the place, betokened that Italy bides its time to perfect its union and regain its time-honored head.

In England, between my two visits there had been progress upon progress: extensions of the ballot, anti-corn laws, disestablishment of the Irish church, insuring a similar reform of the English,—boons I had not at my first coming dared to hope for,—my eyes at length beheld.

In 1842, trial by jury and open courts were scarcely known outside of England and France. They were distrusted by German judges; but a quarter of a century later I observed that they had crossed the continent to Moscow. When I said to a provincial Russian, in my hotel there: "Let us walk to the palace where the crowns, sceptres, jewels and thrones of the ten kingdoms, which Russia has successively absorbed, are reposited." "Nay," said he; "let us rather visit first the Hall of Justice, where jury trials were first witnessed, last November."

During my first sojourn in Naples, I counted the heads of sixteen malefactors, hanging high on the outer wall of the prison. When I was last abroad, no such sight shocked me, even in Grand Cairo.

In '42 I had seen many women harnessed, and drawing coal carts—in '67 I saw none. At the former date, beggars were everywhere as numerous as at the latter, only in Spain and Egypt. Having on one journey heard our country commiserated as lacking union between the Church and the State, on another journey I heard it, in the self-same countries, admired and envied, owing to the

self-same lack. When I was first abroad, and news came of that tempest in a teapot, Dorr's Rhode Island rebellion, "Alas for you!" cried German friends, "you have no standing army! and so you are alike defenseless against foes without and foes within." Everywhere was our Union compared to a meal bag open at both ends. My second travels were just after that meal-bag had been tied up, and pinned with a million bayonets, and I spoke with few Europeans who did not confess exemption from a standing army to be the climax of our blessings, and the climax of their own curses to be the military incubus.

But for standing armies, who believes that France and Prussia would be at war to-day? The sight of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done. But for warriors ready at hand, those nations would have been reconciled before they could get ready to fight, just as in the quarrels of lovers it is proverbial that they make friends before they get through returning their kisses and other love tokens.

My later travels also carried me into regions before unvisited,—into Spain, in the lull before the revolutionary earthquake, and there I was promised the religious equality now enjoyed where, eleven years after the founding of Rutland, a heretic had been burnt alive. My travels carried me among Russian serfs just emancipated, but each on his own patch of land, and, like those used to the dark, seeing much by little light. They carried me into Egypt, where I voyaged on the man-made river which, navigable for all craft that can sail out of London, cutting asunder two continents and halving the distance between all commercial emporiums, will transport Christendom throughout the Orient. They carried me into Turkey, where I saw the Sultan on the very day when, a newspaper full of satire on his administration falling into his hands, he demanded all the past and all the future numbers of that print. They carried me among the Sandwich Islanders, who ate up Capt. Cook long after the era we now call to mind, but whom I saw doing more, in proportion to their ability, to maintain Christian institutions than we do.

On the whole, I stand before you as an eye witness of such progress, during one-quarter of the last century, as you know well from other sources to have been sweeping on throughout that entire cycle.

History has been called "the stern-lights of a ship, which illu-

minate only the wake it leaves behind." Let me rather liken it to the head-light of a locomotive, which throws its splendors forward along the track it is about to traverse. Whether we look at Rutland, or our country, or the world, the century now closing abounds in auspicious omens for the period until the Rutlanders of 1970 shall here meet, as we are met to-day. What has been will be, as surely as the Missouri, which has flowed two thousand miles to Nebraska, has thus gained more strength to flow further, spreading broad and more broad till it reaches the sea.

It can hardly escape our notice that advancement in the world at large, and pre-eminently in Rutland, has been accelerating as the century has rolled on. During the last third of it there has been as much progress as during the two previous thirds. I might use stronger language. Improvement, which entered Rutland on an ox cart, long ago mounted the steam engine. Tramp, tramp, along the land she rides. Splash, splash, across the sea. In 1842 I was at a dinner in Rome on Washington's birthday, and one toast was, "The Yankees! in 1676 they beat King Philip, in 1776 they beat King George, and in 1876 they will beat all the kings of the earth!" A republican Napoleon, the Prince of Canino, was called up to respond, and asked to have the last date read again, as he did not hear it, and then said he feared that in 1876 there would be no kings left to beat. Since that dinner, how many a potentate has been discrowned! While we have been preparing for this festival, the Napoleonic balloon, that had soared so high, has collapsed,—

> Just like bubbles when they burst,
> All at once and nothing first.

In view of improvements marching on with an ever quickening pace, I feel that the organizations of the twentieth century for enlarging the domains of knowledge, as well as for diffusing among men principles which will promote the greatest good of the greatest number, must be such as eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered the heart of man. Let us trust that one of these ameliorating elements in the coming age will be *Peace*—till the weapons of Mars, as in a Pompeian painting, shall all become the playthings of Cupid. "Let us have peace!"

Fellow Townsmen: Though my remarks have run through a wide range, I hope they have not outrun the boundaries of the time.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole. There is a greater as well as a lesser Rutland. Its men have gone further than its marble. New wine will burst old bottles. As the Athenians bounded their valley,—one not unlike this,—north by rye, south by vines, east by wheat and west by olives, so the Green Mountain Boy, who has his birth here, will have his being wherever he can best make his own the boons best worth having. In 1860, three-fourths as many Vermonters were residing elsewhere as within their own State. One year ago last September, on the cone of a Hawaiian volcano, I encountered one long resident there, a nephew of Luther Daniels, and whose sister had been among my earliest sweethearts.

One among our early members of Congress used to say that the yellow butter and white girls of Vermont were better than the yellow girls and white butter at Washington. No doubt they always will be; and yet Green Mountain Boys will wander to Washington,—yes, to all golden gates. Nevertheless, they will hold fast their individuality, as tenaciously as that Englishman did who, when afraid of chills in Indiana, was assured by his landlady that he was out of danger, because he carried with him so many British airs, such a John Bull atmosphere, that he would be safe while all Hoosiers were shaking.

Rutland will grow beyond the dreams of its founders,

> Its honors with increase of ages grow,
> As streams roll down, enlarging while they flow.

But those born here, becoming continentals, will build up other Rutlands in Nebraska. New wine will burst the old bottles. A Rutlander, once a schoolboy here with me, Moses M. Strong, thirty-three years ago staked out a town twelve days' journey west of Lake Michigan, now my home and the capital of Wisconsin, which has three times the population of Vermont.

Farmers in this half bushel have hoed among rough stones till they have beaten them all smooth; they will be off for prairies where there are not stones enough to give stone bruises to their barefooted boys, or to free homesteads (which yield even the slovenly farmer from each acre thirty bushels of wheat, forty of barley, fifty of oats or seventy-five of corn, and where at harvest time the farmers first fill up all out doors with their crops, and then gather the

remnant into barns), or to grazing grounds where steers gain three pounds a day. Thus their plows, as was well remarked by the earliest and best historian of Vermont, "will enlarge the boundaries of the habitable creation."

Some outside pressure is indeed needful to push one nurtured here out of this amphitheatre into that Mediterranean valley where he will never see a mountain until he gets faith enough to move one, but when he has once possessed a prairie it is harder to draw him east again than to move a mountain, or even a meeting-house. Hence, he is like one of his own contrary calves. You must pull his ears off before he will begin sucking,—and then you must pull his tail off before he will stop.

Again, according to the census of 1860, the males in Iowa outnumbered the females by more than thirty-nine thousand. No wonder when you tell an Iowan he ought to take a wife, he answers: "Whose wife shall I take?" and that railroad conductors, at refreshment stations, cry out: "Twenty minutes for dinner and Chicago divorces." On the other hand, New England had nearly thirty-seven thousand more females than males. In this heyday of woman's rights will the fair, like Jepthah's daughter going up and down the mountains, bewail their virginity in Vermont, where they can no more find husbands than hair on a bald head, or than Spain can find a king?—or will they hunt husbands in the West?

Neither. Nevertheless, where the carcass is the eagles will be gathered. Green Mountain girls will cross the Missouri in order to visit some cousin, or to teach, or even to do plain sewing. But school houses are Cupid's mouse-traps. Their needles may be warranted not to cut in the eye, but it will turn out that that is more than can be said concerning the users of them.

Where angel visits are few and far between, men cannot pass by angel's unawares. A Vermont girl must be greener than her native hills, or the Iowa lady she goes to see will be soon writing back to her mother in this style: "My son Boaz and your daughter Ruth no sooner met but they looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason, no sooner found the reason but they sought the remedy and so they have made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will incontinently climb."

In the future, more and more Rutlanders becoming not only continentals but cosmopolitans, leaving those who will, to sluggardize at home, will see abroad the wonders of the world,—earth's kingdoms and their glory. Notwithstanding they will return, as I did, from all continents of memory to our own, as the continent of hope. Standing in Karnac, Jerusalem, Thebes, Rome, where stones themselves to ruin grown, are gray and death-like old, I have been haunted by thick-coming forebodings, but after all my hopes predominate.

By our government uncursed with standing army, aristocracy, or hierarchy, by the peaceful crusaders who pilgrim hither in ever growing hosts, by the legacies we inherit from all civilizations, by enlightenment through the school and press, and religion through the pulpit, here pre-eminently pervasive, by our Union consecrated by myriads of good men who died that it might not die, and have passed on

> From glory here to glory where,
> The banner blue in field of air
> Is bright with stars forever there
> Without the stripes of red.

By all these tokens is ours sealed as the continent of Hope.

> Its honors with increase of ages grow
> As streams roll down enlarging while they flow.
> Through broader climes than Roman eagles saw
> Why boast we liberty restrained by law?
> Why call we classic spoils from foreign lore?
> Why people sons of every race our shore?
> No sword unsheathed, no hiss of murderous ball
> The book of knowledge legible by all?
> Hunger unfelt, commerce a silver cord,
> Why false philosophy at length abhorred,
> The tongue, the pen, the pencil's mysteries,
> The press, an earthquake impulse, wherefore these?
> Must these all plunge as down a cataract
> And tragic scenes of anarchy enact?
> Nay, God ordained these marvels to emerge
> Where all the ends of earth and time converge.
> God, who an end secures by tiniest mote
> Of myriads that in boundless ether float,
> And choicest wheat from mildewed harvest gleans,
> Much more shall wonders work by wondrous means,
> Wherefore has he throughout our borders wrought,
> By enginery transcending human thought?
> Sure the day dawns when all shall hail as queen
> The Bride of God, arrayed in heavenly sheen.

Townsmen! sweet is this reunion, like the evening gathering together those whom morning had scattered. Worthy is it to be called a jubilee and proclaimed in the old Hebrew fashion with silver trumpets. It is a scene, take it for all in all, we ne'er shall

look upon its like again,—the hospitable home-keepers bidding us, outsiders, come and see them every week and stay a fortnight everytime. It reminds me of a way-side settee along the highways in Germany, beneath shade or fruit-trees,—a shelf behind its back on which way-farers may rest their burdens, a fountain and flowers before it, the road trodden and to be trod in full view, castle, cathedral, city, in the distance.

Coming up to this convocation of old friends who make the world warmer and of new friends who make it wider, we seem like those climbing different sides of the same mountain, rising to broader views, and drawing nearer at once to each other and to heaven. It *is next* to the recognition of friends in the skies. Speaking in a lighter vein,—no ingredient is wanting for concocting a bowl of soul-full punch—

> Where strong, insipid, sharp, and sweet,
> Each other duly tempering, meet.

Of course I mean *teetotaler's* punch,—the bright, champaigny "old particular" brandy punch of genial and congenial feeling.

It is good to be here, and we would fain clip the wings of so good a time,—or like Joshua bid the sun stand still. Should we be taking leave as long a term as we have yet to live, the lothness to depart would grow.

But it is not *permitted* us to tabernacle on the Mount of Transfiguration. Yet this crisis soon past in time will always be present in its influence as the ter-centennial commemoration of the Reformation by Germans in 1817, is said to have reformed Germany.

Two soldiers who had served under the bravest of brave officers, visiting his grave whetted their swords on his tombstone. At the sepulchres of our fathers may we gain double strength to dare, do, and endure. And as we go down from this mount of beatitude our mutual valedictories may well be these memorable words—

> "Forever, and forever farewell! Townsmen!
> If we shall meet again we do not know,
> Therefore our everlasting farewell take.
> If we do meet again, then we shall smile,
> If not, why then this parting was well made."

After the address of the Rev. Dr. Butler, the following Poem, written for the occasion by Mrs. Julia C. (Ripley) Dorr, was read by her son, Russell R Dorr:

THE DEAD CENTURY.

1770—1870.

I.

Lo! we come
Bearing the Century cold and dumb!
Folded above the mighty breast
Lie the hands that have earned their rest;
Hushed are the grandly speaking lips;
Closed are the eyes in drear eclipse;
And the sculptered limbs are deathly still,
Responding not to the eager will,
As we come,
Bearing the century, cold and dumb!

II.

Lo! we wait
Knocking here at the sepulchre's gate!
Souls of the Ages passed away,
A mightier joins your ranks to-day;
Open your doors and give him room
Buried Centuries, in your tomb!
For calmly under this heavy pall
Sleepeth the kingliest of them all,
While we wait
At the sepulchre's awful gate!

III.

Yet—pause here
Bending low o'er the narrow bier!
Pause ye awhile and let your thought
Compass the work that he hath wrought;
Look on his brow so scarred and worn;
Think of the weight his hands have borne;
Think of the fetters he hath broken,
Of the mighty words *his* lips have spoken
Who lies here
Dead and cold on a narrow bier!

IV.

Ere he goes
Silent and calm to his grand repose,—
While the Centuries in their tomb
Crowd together to give him room,
Let us think of the wondrous deeds
Answering still to the world's great needs,
Answering still to the world's wild prayer,
He hath been first to do and dare!
Ah! he goes
Crowned with bays to his last repose.

V.

When the earth
Sang for joy to hail his birth,
Over the hilltops, faint and far,
Glimmered the light of Freedom's star.
Only a poor, pale torch it seemed—
Dimly from out the clouds it gleamed—
Oft to the watcher's eye 't was lost
Like a flame by fierce winds rudely tossed.
Scarce could earth
Catch one ray when she hailed his birth!

VI.

But ere long
His young voice, like a clarion strong,
Rang through the wilderness far and free,
Prophet and herald of Good to be!
Then with a shout the stalwart men
Answered proudly from mount and glen,
Till in the brave, new, western world
Freedom's banners were wide unfurled!
And ere long
The Century's voice, like a clarion strong,

VII.

Cried, "O Earth,
Pæans sing for a Nation's birth!
Shout hosannas, ye golden stars,
Peering through yonder cloudy bars!
Burn, O Sun, with a clearer beam!
Shine, O Moon, with a softer gleam!
Join, ye winds, in the choral strain!
Swell, rolling seas, the glad refrain!
While the Earth
Pæans sing for a Nation's birth!"

VIII.

Ah! he saw—
This young prophet with solemn awe—
How after weary pain and sin,
Strivings without and foes within,
Fruitless prayings and long suspense,
And toil that bore no recompense—
After peril and blood and tears,
Honor and Peace should crown the years!
This he saw
While his heart thrilled with solemn awe.

IX.

His clear eyes
Gazing forward in glad surprise,
Saw how our land at last should be
Truly the home of the brave and free!—
Saw from the old world's crowded streets,
Pestilent cities and close retreats,
Forms gaunt and pallid with famine sore
Flee in hot haste to our happy shore,
Their sad eyes
Widening ever in new surprise.

X.

From all lands
Thronging they come in eager bands;
Each with the tongue his mother spoke;
Each with the songs her voice awoke;
Each with his dominant hopes and needs,
Alien habits and varying creeds,—
Bringing strange fictions and fancies they came,
Calling old truths by a different name,
When the lands
Sent their sons thither in thronging bands.

XI.

But the Seer—
This dead Century lying here—
Rising out of this chaos, saw
Peace and Order and Love and Law!
Saw by what subtle alchemy
Basest of metals at length should be
Transmuted into the shining gold,
Meet for a king to have and hold.
Ah, great Seer!
This pale Century lying here!

XII.

So he taught
Honest freedom of speech and thought;
Taught that Truth is the grandest thing
Painter can paint or poet sing;
Taught that under the meanest guise
It marches to deeds of high emprise;
Treading the paths the prophets trod
Up to the very mount of God!
Truth, he taught,
Claims full freedom of speech and thought.

XIII.

Bearing long
Heavy burdens of hate and wrong,
Still has the arm of the Century been
Waging war against crime and sin.
Still has he plead Humanity's cause;
Still has he prayed for equal laws;
Still has he taught that the human race
Is one in despite of hue or place,
Even though long
It has wrestled with hate and wrong.

XIV.

And at length,—
A giant arising in his strength,—
The fetters of serf and slave he broke,
Smiting them off by a single stroke!
Over the Muscovite waste of snows,
Up from the fields where the cotton grows,
Clearly the shout of deliverance rang
When chattel and serf to manhood sprang,—
As at length
The giant rose up in resistless strength.

* * * * * * * * *

XV.

Far apart,—
Each alone like a lonely heart,—
Sat the Nations, until his hand
Wove about them a wondrous band;
Wrought about them a mighty chain
Binding the mountains to the main!
Distance and time rose dark between
Islands and continents still unseen,
While apart
None felt the throb of another's heart.

XVI.

But to-day
Time and space hath he swept away!
Side by side do the Nations sit,
By ties of brotherhood closer knit;—
Whispers float o'er the rolling deep;—
Voices echo from steep to steep;—
Nations speak, and the quick replies
Fill the earth and the vaulted skies;
For to-day
Time and distance are swept away.

XVII.

If strange thrills
Quicken Rome on her seven hills;
If afar on her sultry throne
India wails and makes her moan;
If the eagles of haughty France
Fall as the Prussian hosts advance,
All the continents, all the lands,
Feel the shock through their clapsed hands,
And quick thrills
Stir the remotest vales and hills.

XVIII.

Yet these eyes,
Dark on whose lids Death's shadow lies,
Let their far-reaching vision rest
Not alone on the mountain's crest;
Nor did these feet with stately tread
Follow alone where the Nations led;
Nor these pale hands, so weary-worn,
Minister only where States were born.
These clear eyes,
Soft on whose lids Death's slumber lies,

XIX.

Turned their gaze,
Earnest and pitiful, on the ways
Where the poor, burthened sons of toil
Earned their bread amid dust and moil.
Saw the dim attics where, day by day,
Women were stitching their lives away,
Bending low o'er the slender steel
Till heart and brain began to reel,
And their days
Stretched on and on in a dreary maze.

XX.

Then he spoke;
Lo! at once into being woke
Muscles of iron, arms of steel,
Nerves that never a thrill could feel!
Wheels and pulleys and whirling bands
Did the work of the weary hands,
And tireless feet moved to and fro
Where the aching limbs were wont to go,
When he spoke
And all his sprites into being woke.

XXI.

Do you say
He was no saint who has passed away?
Saint or sinner, he did brave deeds
Answering still to Humanity's needs;
Songs he hath sung that shall live for aye;
Words he hath uttered that ne'er shall die;
Richer the world than when the earth
Sang for joy to hail his birth,
Even tho' you say
He was no saint whom we sing to-day.

XXII.

Lo! we come
Bearing the Century, cold and dumb!
Folded above the mighty breast
Lie the hands that have earned their rest;
Hushed are the grandly-speaking lips;
Closed are the eyes in drear eclipse;
And the sculptered limbs are deathly still,
Responding not to the eager will,
As we come
Bearing the Century, cold and dumb!

XXIII.

Lo! we wait
Knocking here at the sepulchre's gate!
Souls of the Ages passed away,
A mightier joins your ranks to-day;
Open your doors, ye royal dead,
And welcome give to this crowned head!
For calmly under this sable pall
Sleepeth the kingliest of ye all,
While we wait
At the sepulchre's awful gate!

XXIV.

Give him room
Proudly, Centuries! in your tomb.
Now that his weary work is done
Honor and rest he well hath won.
Let him who is first among you pay
Homage to him who comes this day,
Bidding him pass to his destined place,
Noblest of all his noble race!
Make ye room
For the kingly dead in the silent tomb!

THE PROCESSION.

Immediately after the close of the exercises at Opera Hall, a procession was formed, being one of the largest and most orderly ever seen in Rutland, and moved in the following order, under the direction of Chief Marshal Gen. E. H. Ripley and Assistant Marshals Col. L. G. Kingsley, Major John A. Salsbury, Major R. M. Cross and Capt. Harley Sheldon:

1. Wales Cornet Band, followed by a company of Continental militia, and, in comparison, a company of the militia of to-day.

2. Nickwackett Engine Company, No. 1, 61 men, Capt. S. G. Staley, with engine and hose cart, drawn by a double team of horses.

3. Washington Engine Company, No. 2, E. F. Sadler foreman, 50 men, engine drawn by two horses, and hose cart by two.

4. Killington Steamer, No. 3, drawn by four horses, and its hose cart drawn by two. C. Kingsley foreman, and the full company turned out.

5. Hook and Ladder Company, No. 1, George W. Hilliard foreman, 45 men, with their truck decked with evergreens and flowers, and preceded by a band of martial music.

6. St. Peter's Cornet Band of Rutland.

7. Hibernian Literary Society of Rutland, Dennis Kingsley and Edward Lyston, marshals.

8. St. Patrick's Benevolent Literary Society of West Rutland, Robert Monaghan, M. Duffy and M. Meagher, marshals.

After these came individuals representing the costumes, etc., of "ancient" days, among which was a representation of a surgeon of the Revolutionary Army, a commissary of the same period, and other characters, both male and female, representing the same period.

Next in order came a representation of the wares of some of our principal merchants, personified in the manner in which the wagons which bore them were laden. First was a wagon drawn by six horses, *a la tandem*, alternate white and black, representing the grocery business of Chester Kingsley at the "Old Red Store." A Wardwell stone channelling machine, drawn by two pairs of fancy matched horses. G. F. White had a wagon drawn by four oxen, and on it was reclining a monument representing the withered trunk of a tree, or "the flower is faded and the limbs are broken." This monument was very large, weighing several tons. B. W. Marshall represented his grocery business in a heavy laden wagon. H. R. Dyer followed with a team representing steam and gas fitting. Howe's candy manufactory was represented by two double teams, with an assortment of the proprietor's goods. Paine, Bowman & Co. had in display a fine assortment of manufactured goods and cloths, and with the goods were their operators, both male and female, seemingly as busily at work as when in the store. Levi G. Kingsley had two wagons of upholstery goods, with fine exhibitions of shelf hardware and mechanics' tools. D. Verder had a portion of the goods from his bakery out in a wagon drawn by the black horse. George W. Chaplin, Jr., had a fine display of furniture and upholstery goods, and Newman Weeks, in the same line, had, beside two chairs made one hundred years ago, a display of furniture and upholstery work which was creditable. W. B. Mussey's grocery wagon was decked with the goods of his line, and the three teams of G. H. & H. W. Cheney bore evidence that they kept a good variety, and were not to be counted as minors in the grocery line. Dunn, Sawyer & Co. had three teams in the procession, laden with peddler's goods, hardware and house furnishing goods, including stoves, etc. Spencer, Sawyer & Co. had their large candy wagon in the procession. The Rutland Manufacturing Company had a large wagon, piled mountain high, almost, with chairs. Abbott & Whitman had a display in the shape of a light express wagon. C. W. Nichols, photographer, had his camera out.

When the procession, after marching through several of the principal streets, arrived at the pavilion it broke ranks, and some five or six hundred sat down to partake of the dinner.

THE DINNER.

After the dinner had been disposed of, Gen. William Y. W. Ripley, acting as President, made a few brief remarks appropriate to the occasion, and in closing called upon Mr. John Strong, the toastmaster of the occasion, who came forward and offered as the first regular toast:

Rutland—Like a good mother, she welcomes her sons who have sustained and exalted the family name abroad, and who, returning from distant places, testify by their presence to-day that they hold in affectionate remembrance the town that gave them birth.

The response was made by James Barrett, who said, in substance, it was a singular thing that one not a perfect speaker should be called upon to respond to this toast, and while he could not respond as he would wish to, Mr. Barrett related some amusing anecdotes of the early history of Rutland, among which was that in a former period when the people from the country around came to trade they tasted the liquors in every store, and after arriving at the place where they considered the best liquors were kept, there they bought their goods. But these times were past, and now we have a town and a community of which every one can feel proud.

In response to the same toast, Rev. Stephen C. Thrall said, on being called upon: I sincerely regret that this welcome Vermont, and particularly Rutland, has extended to her children, has taken my voice away so that I cannot, as I would like to, respond appropriately on this occasion. Looking, he said, about the continent, and standing on the Sierra Nevadas, on the borders of the Mississippi, or wherever his lot had been cast, he had ever with pride remembered Vermont, not populous at home, but extensive abroad, and it has ever been my pride that wherever I met a Vermonter he was true to the manor born. Douglas said Vermont was a good State to go from, and it is not less true, I find, that it is a good State to come back to. On no place on earth have we seen such beauty, and we say to our noble mother, We thank you, and will bear your memory to our homes and to our graves.

Mr. Frederick A. Fuller being called upon, arose and made a happy speech in response to the toast. His remarks were composed chiefly of anecdotes referring to the elderly citizens of Rultand, many of whom, though now non-residents, were present, especially alluding to the humorous traits of the character of Rev. James Davie Butler, when doing business with his father in Rutland thirty years ago.

The second toast was,

Vermont—Her place among the States, established by the bravery of her "Green Mountain Boys," has been gloriously maintained by a people already distinguished for industry and virtue; by her statesmen, eminent in the councils of the nation; by her judges, learned in the law and fearless in its administration; by her soldiers, first on every battle-field of the republic, from Ticonderoga and Plattsburgh to Gettysburgh and the Wilderness; and above all by her women, who, true to their duties as wives and mothers, with all the sacred precincts of home, have, by the influence of their virtues and the careful training of their children, exalted us as a people.

Gen. Ripley expressed the regrets of Gov. Stewart and Messrs. Redfield, Phelps, Poland and others, who had expressed their desire to be present, but were unavoidably absent, and in a happy manner introduced Col. W. G. Veazey to respond.

Col. Veazey said, in substance, after saying that he was unexpectedly called upon to respond to sentiments other than Vermont's soldiers, that the thought occurred to him that he should decline a response, but it occurs to me, said Col. Veazey, that it would be even a greater impropriety on an occasion like this not to say a word for our grand old State. Although Vermont was settled long before Rutland's charter, our State as well as our town were the product of the century just closed, a century more fruitful of great men and great events than history has chronicled. Our climate makes the State the resort of the invalid, while her scenery attracts the tourist and artist. The speaker paid a tribute to Vermont's statesmen and its long succession of names, from Prentiss and Phelps to Collamer and Foot, second to none the continent ever produced. In the judiciary a succession of men adorned the bench of our State, and sustained its eminence; they were those to whom none could point as dishonest, corrupt or unfit for their position, and whose ability and wisdom was unsurpassed by the bench of any

State in the great sisterhood of States. As regards Vermont in battle, he said that Vermont had been called the legitimate child of war, and truly, for her territory was the battle-ground of the original tribes which inhabited her borders. So through the Colonial and French wars it was the pathway of contending troops, and then came the struggles of the New York and New Hampshire Grants, in which as a battle-ground she was historically distinguished. He reverted in unqualified terms of praise to the conduct of the Green Mountain Boys in the Revolution, and to the grand figure of Ethan Allen on the parapet of Ticonderoga on the 10th of May, 1775, when he demanded its surrender by the authority of the Continental Congress—when he compelled the surrender of the British to the coming American republic. In the battle of Bennington he would not attempt to detail the achievements of the Green Mountain Boys, they had been so grand; but in 1812 they sustained at Plattsburgh, Niagara and Crown Point the reputation they had won in the previous war. In the Mexican war Vermont furnished her full quota to the national cause, and in it one of her bravest sons, the gallant Ransom, fell. In the war of the rebellion she furnished 34,000 men, who participated, and with glory, in every battle from Big Bethel to Appomattox. They struck the first blow in Virginia at the outbreak of the war, and were the first troops to enter Richmond on its surrender. At Lee's Mills the lamented Reynolds gave up his life, and at Bull Run Vermont troops largely contributed to the safety of the national capital. On the Peninsula they were firm, and in the Seven Day's fight they never failed to punish the enemy. History, he said, will record that a son of Rutland as surely and effectually saved our army from defeat at Malvern Hill as did Col. Warner more than any other man than Stark contribute to our success at Bennington. At South Mountain, Antietam, St. Mary's Heights, Gettysburgh, they were the same, and in the Shenandoah valley Sheridan knew by their intrepid valor that he could turn defeat to victory. Col. Veazey paid a handsome tribute to to Col. Roberts, who fell at Baton Rouge, and closed by saying that Vermont's sons were a class of men who knew they had rights, and knowing, dare maintain them.

Gen. W. Y. W. Ripley followed in a tribute to the brave men of

Vermont, and feelingly implored their descendants to preserve the relics of their memory in their hands at present, that the future might revere those who so nobly lived and died.

Gen. Ripley said, to the subject of "The Ladies," embraced in the concluding sentiment of the toast, he would call his friend, Hon. D. E. Nicholson, whose anticipated response would fully justify the fitness of the call.

Mr. Nicholson responded that he duly appreciated the distinguished honor of being thus commended to this particular sentiment. As a Rutland county man by birth, whose mother, now in her sainted grave, and whose wife and daughter all had a Rutland county origin, he should justly be condemned if he was wanting in appreciation of the value of such companionship. What has been said here and elsewhere of the distinguished Christians, philanthropists, patriots and sages could never have been true if woman, the mother of them all, had been less than an exalted being, and the perpetual homage of man's heart has been to the Great Creator of all, that when beholding the solitary, pitiful and helpless condition of the father of the race, He benevolently created for him companionship, with such social, intellectual, moral and material adaptations, as had served not only to perpetuate, but to exalt the race.

The third toast was

The Early Settlers of Rutland—True descendants of the Puritan stock, they builded better than they knew.

Gen. Benj. Alvord of the U. S. army responded as follows:

GEN. ALVORD'S ADDRESS.

When I first received the invitation to share in this celebration it seemed impracticable to accept, but every day which elapsed convinced me that my heart would gravitate in this direction, and that it was a duty to make an effort to attend. During all my wanderings to the remotest corners of this Union, throughout the last thirty-seven years, I have never failed to recur with pride and pleasure to Vermont and to Rutland.

The attachment of those born in mountain regions to their homes is proverbial. The discharge of my official duties has carried me to the most celebrated mountain regions of this continent; those of

Central America, the snow white peaks which border on the northwest Lake Nicaragua, the principal of which is the volcano of Mombacho; those of the valley of Mexico, Popocatepethl, and Iztaccihuathl, and Toluca; those of the Sierra Nevada range in California, and of the Cascade range in Oregon and Washington, and those of the Rocky Mountain ranges of Colorado and Utah Territories. However deep the enjoyment received from such scenes of grandeur, they always only served to carry my memory and imagination back to these lovely green mountains, whose quiet beauty is unsurpassed. I know that it will be said that such sentiments have their origin in the charms and fascinations of youth. But it is fitting that here, on our return to the land of our birth, such feelings should be indulged. Let them not be despised! If Heaven, in showering upon you other blessings, has also imparted a love of nature, an appreciation of your beautiful scenery, and a keen relish for the wonders and splendors lavished on this material world, let them be highly esteemed. Contrast the ideas of the native of a level prairie in the West with the sensations awakened here! By cultivation he may acquire such tastes, but his birthright has comparatively a limitation, a tameness and a monotony which excite the pity of exultant mountaineers! It should certainly be to-day a cause for holding in grateful remembrance our hardy ancestors, who one century ago choose their homes in such pleasant places, that they bequeathed to their posterity such influences, and such sublime inspirations. There are some not open to such magnitism. There are those who, under the shadow of Killington Peak, can without emotion witness the lovely clouds move to and fro, and the cultivated valleys smiling between mountain slopes, and the meandering river gliding through grassy meadows. I say there are those who can gaze at such scenes and turn upon them only a vacant and uninterested eye, buried in the cares and clogged by the surroundings of the busy world. But their effect upon the genuis of your population, upon the character of the most enterprising and susceptible, is undoubted; above all upon the scholars of your State. From one end of this Union to the other, Vermonters can be found remarkable for their clear heads, their hardihood, and if scholars, for their acute, robust intellects and poetic sensibilities.

It is customary in Massachusetts to boast of Berkshire county,

and the array of distinguished characters who have originated there. Berkshire is the mere offshoot, the last descending ridge of the Green Mountains, which Vermont condescends to give Massachusetts. If the scenery of Berkshire and the lovely estates at Lenox and Stockbridge of the Sedgwicks, Fields, Rockwells and Bryants can awaken admiration,—for still stronger reasons should Vermont indulge a little pardonable exultation, rioting as she does in the Green Mountains (par excellence), in the very backbone and lofty summit of those mountains. Why do not the Aspinwalls, and Carys, and other men of wealth, who went to Berkshire in search of a mountain home, come up here and get the Simon-pure article? I feel certain that the Rev. Dr. Todd, now a resident of Pittsfield, in that county, however attached to his Pittsfield home, will admit the force of my recommendation. Why! from the seat of Aspinwall and other of those millionaires they point to what they call mountains! A few years since I was delighted to make a visit to that county, filled with such charming society, such refined and hospitable residents,—but I aver I could not find in all Berkshire county an elevation as high as your "Pine Hill."

The Puritans settled Vermont. From Connecticut and Massachusetts they came here to seek their fortunes. All my military life I have been on our extensive frontiers in contact with pioneers. I know well their virtues, their hardihood, their enterprise. I have delighted to watch the growth and expansion of infant communities.

Our ancestors came to the New Hampshire Grants deeply imbued with all the best traits of the Puritan race. It is true that time and the progress of world wide ameliorations have not failed to soften the severities and banish those peculiarities of the Puritans which were objectionable,—and it must be a source of satisfaction that the doctrines of toleration had their birth on New England soil, and were soon instilled into her whole population. But if these principles of toleration had their birth in Rhode Island, the news of yesterday shows that their last most signal consummation will be witnessed in Rome. As the people of the Papal States have voted for annexation to the Kingdom of Italy, King Emanuel will soon enter Rome as his capital, followed, I predict, by the Protestant missionaries now tolerated in Florence, and the two Vermonters, Geo. P. Marsh and Hiram Powers, now in Florence, will witness this

momentous revolution. I must add that I doubt not that it was mainly owing to the vigorous action of Mr. Marsh that those missionaries received toleration in Florence.

The Puritans were distinguished for their love of religion, pure and undefiled, their manly simplicity, pure morality and love of learning, their hardihood, industry and untamable spirit of independence, for their love of liberty, for their patriotism, courage and gallantry in battle. It is not necessary for me to descant on these qualities. But they are inwrought into the character and stamina of their descendants, and are prominent in every achievement for which, far and near, they have been distinguished, from the days of the Revolution to the present hour. They are disseminated all over this Union, and their virtues and characters adhere to them wherever they go. In action they are shown by vigor, perseverance and success; in science by logical acumen and inventive genius; in scholarship and literature by originality, breadth of views, depth of learning, racy wit and humor, brilliant fancy and fertility of resources; in statesmanship by dignity of character and unwavering adherence to principles—principles avowed, known of all men, and whose germinations can be traced in the history of the country. These qualities are higher and better than mere wealth. We cannot regret that you have here no worshiping of mere wealth, no courts or costly crowded capitals, reeking in corruption, intrigue and effeminacy. The office-seeker here has little upon which to feed and batten. Better to be a thrifty people, plain in manner, reverencing God and respecting yourselves, than one pampered by overgrown fortunes, a country which knows not true glory, and seeks no higher good than riches,—where hungry sycophants throng with supplication all the departments of the State.

Well did a Puritan writer say, "I wish to belong to a State in the character and institutions of which I may find a spring of improvement which I can speak of with an honest pride!—in whose records I may meet good and honored names, and which is fast making the world its debtor by its discoveries of truth, and by an example of virtuous freedom."

The question occurs, Has this Puritan character borne *generous fruit?* In pure and applied science, in oratory and metaphysics and literature, in poetry and art, the educated men living in the

State, or sent forth by Vermont, have made their mark throughout the world. The names of James Marsh, George P. Marsh, S. S. Phelps, Charles K. Williams, Collamer, Foot, Horace Green, Saxe, Powers and Meade, are a sufficient response, known, some of them, to the whole civilized world. And it was fitting that the State which produced the best living American sculptor should also find in its exhaustless quarries the best marble for purposes of art on this continent, and thus spread the name of Rutland to all lands.

The student, residing here far from the distractions of more populous haunts, has had time and opportunity to dive deeper into the recesses of science. Vermonters are noted for their liberal culture, and in public life for their national sentiments. They have not been narrow-minded. They have not been eaten up with sectionalism or provincialism. Their State pride, however intense, has not diminished their love and devotion to the Union and the national government. In time of deliberation and counsel, they have been for peace and averse to war. But their hearts have embraced the whole country, and have instantly rejected every proposition looking to a dissolution of the Union. This brings us to say that the descendants of the Puaitans have stood the test of the great civil war, in which their best qualities have been conspicuously manifested. Look at their promptitude, their manly spirit, their martial enthusiasm, their noble deeds, their devotion to the flag and to the cause of liberty. Let Grant, Sheridan and Meade be consulted as to the bearing of the Green Mountain Boys!

How consoling it is to reflect that the war was one for principle, for the unity and permanent peace, freedom and tranquility of America,—whose immediate consequences have been so immense and fundamental. What a vivid contrast to the war now raging in Europe,—a war for mastery merely, a war for a pretended equilibrium or balance of power, a war having its origin in mere jealousy. Had the rebellion succeeded, large standing armies would have hovered around a boundary line, and we too would have been led to study an American balance of power, eternally subject to chronic commotions and fruitless wars. The German soldier, whose deeds now extort the admiration of the world, has some characteristics quite similar to those of the Puritan soldier of the days of the commonwealth. The same simplicity, steadiness and energy, the same hardy

physique, the same instructed and educated soldiership, the same thinking bayonet, and the same terrible earnestness of purpose.

At the height of our civil war the rebels raised the cry of "Puritan," and tried to make it odious, and they would announce that 10,000 "Puritans" or 10,000 "abolitionists" had landed at certain points on their coast. It happened at that date that two powerful steam rams for our navy were about to be launched, and our lamented President, Mr. Lincoln, named one "The Puritan" and the other "The Dictator." These names were very significant, were very suggestive, and had a pregnant meaning, judged by the train of events which followed. We heard nothing more afterwards of the word "Puritan" as a term of reproach, and all idea of "cutting off New England" from the republic was abandoned.

In the war it is but simple justice to say that Rutland sent forth her full quota, heroes who returned with honorable records, showing that they were worthy sons of a State whose expressive motto is "Freedom and Unity,"—a motto seemingly selected by our ancestors, and with prophetic insight to suit just such an emergency as the late rebellion. We trust that ever in these mountain regions the country can find a lofty patriotism and a martial spirit, which can promptly send a heroic band to fight its battles, worthy descendants of the iron-framed and lion-hearted Puritans who gained renown in the days of Milton and Cromwell. The name of Milton is suggestive of the highest virtues and the most brilliant inspirations of the Puritans. He mingled his religious faith with his poetic aspirations, and said at an early age, "The great achievements of poetry must rest in devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out His Seraphim with the hallowed fire of His altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases." In these pure mountain heights and among these lovely valleys, a race kindred to that of Milton and Hampden have every influence favorable to success in poesy, in learning, as well as in action.

What image more suggestive than a fountain, a bubbling, living, perennial fountain, perchance embowered with verdure and foliage, springing up in a moutain glen? Your hills are filled with lakes and fountains. In poesy the Greeks had the Castilian fount on the Heights of Parnassus. Palestine had the fount of Siloam, where,

in the Jewish dispensation on the last day of the Feast of Tabernacles, an annual libation of its crystal waters was poured out, emblematical of the Holy Spirit and a coming Savior. To this Isaiah alluded when he said, "With joy shall you draw water out of the wells of salvation." And the same prophet said of the Gentiles, "Their pastures shall be in all high places, they shall not hunger or thirst; neither shall the sun or heat smite them; for He that hath mercy on them shall lead them; even by the springs of water shall he guide them."

A birthplace is a fountain-head, whence should a fountain of rejuvenation flow pure, sparkling waters to gladden, vivify and fertilize the vale of life. A return to it takes the memory back to youth and all its gilded hopes, joys and enjoyments. To carry youth forward into age, and let the mind remain equally susceptible of vivid impressions and generous impulses, should be the aim of every Christain.

Here I watched the clouds and stars, and commenced with the cheering smiles of a mother's love to learn my first lessons of science and religion. Can influences thus planted in the midst of these lovely mountains ever die out? Like Wordsworth, who was born and spent his days under the shadow of Skiddaw, in the Cumberland Mountains, and among the lovely lakes of Windermere, I can exclaim,

"My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky!
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man!
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man!—
And I could wish my days to be,
Bound each to each by natural piety."

Gen Alvord was followed by Rev. Aldace Walker, D. D., of Wallingford, formerly pastor of the Congregational church at West Rutland. He gave a brief sketch of the Congregational church in this town, with notices of Rev. Benajah Roots and Rev. Lemuel Haynes. We regret that we are not able to give his remarks in full.

The fourth toast was

Rutland—Rapid in growth, wonderful in development, her past honorable and distinguished, her present happy and prosperous,—her future is in her own hands.

To which Warren H. Smith, Esq., responded substantially as fol-

lows: Prominent among the subjects presented in this toast is the "rapid growth" of Rutland. I am supposing this is a reference to the modern history of the town. Many listened to, and all have the opportunity of reading, the published addresses (of Henry Hall, Esq., and Chauncy K. Williams, Esq.,) upon its early history. My personal acquaintance with this town began in 1848. Prior to that time, as I learn, the town had remained nearly or quite stationary, celebrated, and very justly, for its age, its distinguished citizens, including several Governors of the State, eminent and incorruptible judges, a long list of able lawyers, distinguished divines and staid and substantial business men in all departments of industry.

Taking 1848 as my starting point, I feel justified in saying that the "rapid growth" of the town since that date has justly been the pride and boast of its citizens. It was about that date that new life, enterprise and energy seemed infused into the whole business and diffused among the mass of the people of the town, and hence its progress, rapid and resistless, in all that constitutes material growth. Statistics, always tedious in detail, best demonstrate this. In 1848 the population of this town was about 3,900—now about 11,000. Then there were about 600 voters—now near 2,000. Then the appraised value of her taxable property was $1,120,000—now $4,960,000. But the material growth has been still more apparent in the village of Rutland. At the date named it consisted only of Main street and the road towards Castleton, with no dwellings below the brow of the hill; now hundreds of acres all around us are covered with comfortable houses and pleasant homes and many stately mansions. Then her business center consisted of some half dozen old wooden one-story stores and shops, scattered around Court House square; now we have our Merchants' Row and Center st., lined for long distances on both sides with massive blocks of three and four stories, filled with elegant stores, affording us a business center unequalled in the country. Then we had but a single newspaper, the Herald, worked upon the hand press; now three weekly and one daily papers, all four power presses. Then but one schoolhouse and 130 scholars; now fourteen large and substantial schoolrooms and 1700 scholars. Then but three churches, and poorly filled; now seven, and more being built. Since that date, railroads connecting us with all parts of the country and from all directions

center here. Marble interests were then just beginning to be developed, which since have produced supplies for the whole country.

In view of these facts, who can gainsay the "rapid growth" of this town? We claim that it is unequaled in Vermont, and unsurpassed in New England. It is also noticeable that the prominent business men of the town at the date named were in the decline of life, and most of them have gone to their honored graves, and that the very large proportion of the business men of to-day are in their prime, in the full vigor of life,—men who have contributed largely to make the town what she to-day shows herself. That she is "happy and prosperous," this occasion and as you see her speaks more eloquently than any words I can utter.

What shall be her future? With such elements of success, such master minds, such energy, such enterprise and industry as has produced what you see, gives abundant promise for her future rapid growth in all that is good and great.

The fifth toast was

The Orator of the Day—Eminent alike as a scholar and divine, his eminence, honorable to him, has honored us.

In response to this toast, the orator, Prof. James D. Butler, spoke as follows:

Mr. President and Townsmen: "Eminent alike as a scholar and divine!" What a non-committal toast! Its language is as ambiguous as the utterances of the political candidate, Mr. Facing-both-ways." A man may be "eminent alike " who is not eminent at all. The sentiment reminds me of a horse-dealer who flourished of old not far from Rutland, and who, wishing to get rid of a vicious animal, advertised him as "equally kind in saddle and harness," and warranted him to be up to the recommendation. Nor did he long lack a purchaser. No sooner, however, did the buyer harness his horse than he was run away with and his wagon broken to pieces. Thereupon he called on the horse-dealer and demanded damages. But the dealer said to him, "Have you tried your horse in the saddle?" "No;" said the buyer. "Why," returned the other, "if you had mounted him he would certainly have thrown you off, and so I hold that the beast is everything I warranted him,—that is, 'equally kind in saddle and harness.'" In calling one "eminent alike as a scholar and divine," your toastmaster seems to have shirked responsi-

bility no less dextrously than the horse-jockey did. On the whole, however, I am inclined to think the words "eminent alike as a scholar and divine" were intended for a compliment. But viewed in that light they force me into a difficult dilemma now that I am called up for a speech. For how shall I speak? Suppose I try to prove the toast a truthful assertion, and that I am an "eminent scholar and divine," then you, and everybody, will say, "Thou bearest witness of thyself, thy witness is not true," and you will charge me with forgetting Solomon's injunction, "Let another man praise thee, and not thine own lips."

But, on the other hand, suppose I prove by all manner of logic that I am no scholar, and no divine. Then, while you would admit that I made out my case conclusively, you would charge me with insincerity like that of the bishop, who, when he hears of his election, cries out, "*Nolo Episcopari*!"—or rather you would compare me to the most beautiful belle in Rutland, who, when she would rouse her admirers to double raptures in her praise, glances in a mirror and exclaims, "How like a fright I look! was ever any being so horrid?"

> Through hopes of contradiction she will say,
> "Methinks I look most wretchedly to-day."

So my words of self depreciation, one and all, would be set down as prompted by "hopes of contradiction." Accordingly, whether I speak for, or against, the toast proposed, I should myself be tossed higher than any bull-fighter I ever saw in Madrid, on one or the other horn of a dilemma.

But in my despair how to meet the demands of my toast a hope rises upon me, for I have been invited to say a word as a *substitute* for Col. G. A. Merrill, whom his duties in the State Senate prevent from meeting with us at this table. And yet the idea of serving as a substitute is not altogether flattering. Only a substitute, only a substitute,—substitute for George A. Merrill!

> Yet who'll my claims to thanks dispute
> As an unflinching substitute?
> For of all heroes new and old,
> Where can be found a chief more bold
> Than he who on this speaker's block,
> As gazing-stock and laughing-stock,
> The gauntlet for his brother runs
> And braves the blows that brother shuns?

Who'll then my claim to thanks dispute
As G. A. Merrill's substitute?

A villain once of blackest guilt
His brother's blood had basely spilt,
Impelled by fiendish thirst for gold,
In fair Vermont in days of old.
Suspected, seized and put to trial,
Convict too clearly for denial,
The rascal stood upon the scaffold;
Yet justice of her dues was baffled.
The murd'rer's lawyer 'd found a flaw,
Some jot or tittle, form of law,—
A subtlety not worth a word,
Unheeded when the case was heard,
And so had from the judge gained leave
For a new trial, by reprieve.
Then murmurs rose from all the crowd,
Whispered at first, but soon more loud:
"No longer shall he live," they cried,
"By whose cursed hand his brother died;
His guilt is clear, to-day unbind him—
To-morrow who'll know where to find him?
Who'll trace him through law's trackless maze?
Who'll guard his dungeon nights and days?"
"Yeomen," 'twas said, "here come from far,
Risen before the morning star,
O'er hill and dale, through mud and rain,
And sacrificing hay and grain,
You've hastened to behold this hour—
A spectacle unseen before.
Lose not your day,—let not your sun
Descend, till he see justice done;
Nor let us quit this village green
Till we our hanging scrape have seen."
Then rose the shouts both thick and fast,
To hang the culprit in hot haste,
Till, perched upon a neighboring stump,
Huge Ethan Allen with a thump
Of club herculean on an oak,
Enforced attention while he spoke:—
Friends! Give this guilty rascal law,
And if his lawyers find a flaw
Therein, why, let him live, like Cain,
By conscience he'll each day be slain.
Nor fear that hanging scrape to miss
In which you hope to taste such bliss,
For, if the wretch reprieved to-day,

Escape you through the law's delay,
Or slyly slip its meshes through,
I, Ethan Allen, ever true,
Who ne'er have disappointed you,
I'll stand the rascal's *substitute*,
Jack Ketch shall bind me like a brute
And hang me high on gallows tree,
A rarer show for you to see."

Townsmen, in Allen's shoes I stand,
For G. A. Merrill's fled the land,
Yet shall not you, as critics, lack
A victim now to hew and hack.
While Merrill then at large may roam,
To execution, Lo! I come!
Who'll then my claim to thanks dispute
As G. A. Merrill's substitute?

Col. Merrill as a railroad superintendent was expected to speak in the line of his profession, although those of us who have ever heard the car whistle are ready to think that the locomotive may be left to speak for itself.

Regarding railroads, few men have had more experience as travelers than has fallen to my lot. My first car ride was thirty-two years ago, and I have been riding ever since. My journeyings have been as a preacher, a lecturer, and a tourist in search of knowledge. In 1843 I traversed most of the European roads then in operation, and a quarter of a century afterward was not only on the new European lines, but on others in Asia and Africa. Last year I swept the whole length of our trans-continental line to the Pacific.

If one should praise the bridge that carries him well over, then I ought to praise railroads, for they have never harmed a hair of my head. In my Oriental travels I became convinced that in the material force of steam there lurks a tremendous moral power. "What do you call your donkey?" I asked of the Arab urchin whose beast I was riding to explore the ruins of Egyptian Thebes. His answer was, "Merkeb Babour," a name which I soon found signifies "steamboat." So the most common charcoal sketches on the rocks of Syria are intended to shadow forth the locomotive. For many reasons, my conviction is firm that steam will carry Christendom,—and that as a Christianizing conqueror,—through and through the Moslem world.

If I were the only speaker, I would delight to expatiate on railroads in their diversified influences,—and especially as just now, and notably in Nebraska, preceding settlement and quickening its pace a hundred fold,—but I can only allude to a few facts in this our home field. The earnings of all the roads centering in Rutland have been tripled during the last six years. Forty-eight trains now enter or leave Rutland every twenty-four hours, and some one of them is passing over its line during every minute of every secular day. Arrangements have been perfected for building a new railroad west of Lake Champlain, which will within two years insure Rutland an additional line of steam communication with Montreal.

Believing that this progress in railroads and these prospects are due as largely to my friend Col Merrill as to any other man, I beg leave to close my speech with a sentiment in his honor:

George Alfred Merrill—May he continue to rub the Aladdin's lamp of railroads until all the miracles they have wrought shall be forgotten among the greater miracles which they shall hereafter work.

The sixth toast was

The Poetess of the day:

"And, long as poetry shall charm mankind,
Her flowing numbers will admirers find."

Responded to with music by the Wales Cornet Band.

The seventh toast was

The Elderly Citizens of Rutland.

Responded to briefly and humorously by Jesse L. Billings.

The eighth toast was—

The Adopted Sons of Rutland.—We recognize their worth and the advantages of their accession, and gladly extend to them equal rights and privileges with those to the "manor born."

To which Hon. Walter C. Dunton responded as follows:

It was not my fault that I was not born in Rutland, although I dearly love the little town so closely nestled under the Green Mountains, in an adjoining county, where I was born, yet, if I had had anything to say as to the location of my birth place, I am quite sure that I should have been born in Rutland. However, I did the next best thing that I could, I married a Rutland girl "to the manor born" for my wife, and our only child was born here; and if no unforseen event changes my purpose, I shall spend the remainder of

my life in Rutland, and, although an adopted son, will endeavor to be true and faithful to the town, which, when commencing the practice of my profession, extended so cordial a welcome to me, not only to me, but to all of her adopted children.

It was my fortune to spend a few years in the west, and become somewhat acquainted with western men, their enterprise, activity and treatment of strangers; and I have often remarked that I could content myself to live in no other eastern town than Rutland, which more closely resembles, in the character and enterprise of her inhabitants, the thriving and prosperous towns of the west than any other town in all New England. And in no respect is this resemblance greater than in the cordial welcome extended by her inhabitants to all worthy persons coming here to reside. Rutland most emphatically, in the language of the sentiment to which you have called me to respond, "extends to her adopted sons equal rights and privileges with those accorded to her oldest inhabitants."

The people of Rutland have ever been ready to bestow honors upon those to whom honors are due, alike upon all, irrespective of the place of their birth or former residence, as the honorable positions assigned by them to many of her adopted sons will attest, of whom time on this occasion forbids me particularly to speak.

Allow me, native citizens of Rutland, at this time in behalf of the other residents of the town, who form no inconsiderable part of your inhabitants, to thank you for your generous treatment of us. Be assured that it is duly appreciated and will never be forgotten by us, and that it will continue to be in the future, as it has been in the past, our utmost endeavor and greatest pleasure to co-operate with you in promoting the future prosperity of the town, and in making Rutland what her location and great natural resources have designed her to be—one of the most prosperous, thrifty and enterprising inland towns in New England. We will extend the same cordial welcome to others who shall hereafter come here to reside, which you so kindly extended to us; and we are happy to unite with you to-day in welcoming to our homes and our firesides, the former residents of the town, many of whom went forth to mould and form the institutions of the new states of the great West, and there occupy positions of honor and trust, and of whom you have just cause to be proud. Let us, fellow citizens,

not only continue to develop the resources of our town, and increase its prosperity, but also continue to "build school houses and raise men," so that those whom we shall hereafter send forth will honor both themselves and the town by their intelligence, and be as highly esteemed and useful citizens as those whom we are to-day so happy to welcome.

As it is getting late, allow me, Mr. President, to close by offering the following sentiment:

The Native Citizens of Rutland—Generous, hospitable and enterprising; the town is alike indebted to them for her prosperity, and her adopted sons for their success.

The ninth toast was

The Centenarian—The connecting link between the past and the future.

To which A. A. Nicholson, Esq., responded in the following poem:

THE CENTENARIAN.

I.

He stands upon the shadowy verge
Of life's remotest shore,
While ancient mem'ries oe'r him surge
With deep and solemn roar!
And once again he seems to live
Amid the fervid glow
That lighted up the ways of life
One Hundred Years Ago!

II.

The summer skies seem fairer then—
The birds of Spring more gay,
And every hope was loftier
Than those of stern to-day!
And each pulsation of the heart
Was quicker in its flow,
And yielded back a deeper thrill
One Hundred Years ago!

III.

The eyes that sparkled brightest then
No longer wake or weep,
And locks that paled the raven's plume
Are frosted where they sleep!
The blandest smile has wan'd in night—
The step infirm and slow,
That led the wild and giddy dance
One Hundred Years ago!

IV.

He lingers near the stormy past
Like mourner near a tomb,
Still watching for some olden joy
To lighten up the gloom!
Yet from the past no rays sublime
His yearning heart can know
Like those that gilded life's young dream
One Hundred Years ago!

V.

Like ancient forest tree he stands
Unrifted by the blast,
And links with centenarian strand
The Present and the Past!
And who among this festive throng
His wintry years shall sum,
And bear the burden he has borne,
One Hundred Years to come?

The lateness of the hour compelled the postponement of further remarks, but as responses had been prepared, we give the two remaining toasts, with the responses prepared for the occasion.

The tenth toast was

The Press—The great educator of modern times. May its teachings ever be worthy of its immeasurable power.

The first response was by Mr. George A. Tuttle, senior proprietor of the HERALD, who was to have remarked:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentleman: I exceedingly regret that the committee who were charged with the duty of providing for the intellectual part of this entertainment should have thought fit to place my name upon their list to respond to the sentiment just read, and I now also wish to offer my protest to being appointed to speak after such eloquent responses have been made by those whom I am to follow, for my theme is an humble one, and I claim no oratorical gifts. But we are here to celebrate our centennial anniversary and to greet old friends, and I have no heart on this occasion to shrink any responsibility which may be thrown upon me.

Whatever I may say will be more of a historical character,—entering largely into and embraced in the history of our town,—than any effort for oratorical effect.

My first acquaintance with the press dates back a little over forty years, when my apprenticeship commenced, and it affords me pleas

ure to look back and review the improvements in my day. There were then few daily papers published in our country, and a far less number of weeklies than now. If I recollect correctly, there were but two dailies published in New York. They were about two-thirds the size of the present Daily Herald, printed on coarse type and largely devoted to commercial interests. I recollect reading in an early number of one of them a notice calling the attention of the business public to the fact that that paper, in consequence of having reached a daily circulation of about 1300 copies, mostly among the merchants and business men of the country, offered peculiar advantages to advertisers. It was printed upon a hand press, and it took two men five hours to print a single side of it.

There were no lightning presses in those days capable of turning off their 20,000 impressions an hour, and there was no occasion for them, for there were no telegraphs, no railroads or ocean steamers to give quick transit of news from place to place and from all parts of the earth. News thirty days from England was considered very fresh, and more ordinarily it was forty days old when received. It took ten days to get news from New Orleans, and about six months from China.

But what a change forty years has wrought. There is now in New York, including daily, weekly and monthly issues, one hundred and seventy-one newspapers, devoted to every branch of industry and every department of literature. Fourteen of these are dailies, some reaching a circulation of nearly one hundred thousand copies per day, and a single one taxing the capacity of two large paper mills to supply the white paper, and in the aggregate giving employment to millions of capital and an army of workmen.

Events transpiring now in any part of Europe in the evening are transmitted by ocean cable and chronicled the next morning in the dailies throughout the country in season to be read by our people before breakfast. Important local events are also flashed over the telegraph wires of the country, and are read simultaneously in New York, New Orleans, Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco. Such has been the growth of the press in forty years.

In the days of our fathers, the press fulfilled an important mission in diffusing intelligence among the people and furthering the

advance of civilization. But how much greater to-day is its power for good or evil. And how important is it that it should be, not only zealous and patriotic, but elevated and pure.

When I reflect upon the weighty responsibilities resting upon the conductors of the press of our time, I almost feel like invoking upon them from Heaven divine guidance and protection, that they may be saved from the corrupting tendencies of the age, and that their mission may be nobly accomplished in furthering the great interests of brotherhood and humanity.

I come now to the press of Rutland, and in whatever I may say in relation to its history, I must be pardoned if a little vanity is manifested on my part, as I have been personally identified with it for over thirty years, and feel a just pride in the position it has held and the work it has done.

The first newspaper published in Rutland was established by Anthony Haswell, June 18, 1792, and was called the Herald of Vermont or Rutland Courier. Thirteen numbers of it had been published when the office was burned and the paper discontinued.

In 1793, Mr. Lyon commenced the publication of the Farmers' Library, which publication was continued for about two years when the concern was purchased by Judge Samuel Williams and Rev. Samuel Williams, LL. D., and on the 8th day of December, 1794, the first number of the present Rutland Herald was issued by them.

Copies of all these papers are now on exhibition at the Museum Hall, and contrasted with the papers of to-day show what changes and improvements seventy years have wrought. Those early papers on exhibition are a little larger than a sheet of foolscap paper, and are printed on very large type.

The Herald was continued by the two Williams' until the first part of the present century, when it fell into the hands of the late William Fay, who was connected with its publication nearly all the time until his death in 1839. It was published under the names of William Fay, Fay & Davison, Fay, Davison & Burt, Ephraim Maxham, and Fay, Brown & Co. After the death of Mr. Fay, its publication was continued for a short time by Horace T. White, and then by White & Guernsey.

In 1843 or 1844 the Herald was purchased by Geo. H. Beaman,

who continued its publication to 1853. After that it was published for a short time by Mr. L. Barney, and was purchased of him by Mr. Chauncey H. Hayden. He published it for about two years, when he died and the paper fell into the hands of the present proprietors. It has since been published by G. A. Tuttle & Co., Tuttle & Gay, Tuttle, Gay & Co., and now by Tuttle & Co.,—he who now addresses you all of the time holding a connection with it.

The Rutland Daily Herald was first published April 29, 1861, and has been continued up to the present time, a part of the time as a morning and evening paper. It grew out of the exigencies of the late war,—was started as an experiment,—and has become one of the fixed institutions of Rutland.

Whatever success the Herald has had financially, when I look back upon its illustrious founders and its subsequent guidance under the direction of some of our best men now gone, I cannot repress a feeling of pride in the belief that the Herald has performed no humble part in furthering those instrumentalities which have made Rutland what it is to-day, and that its mission has been one of good. It has had its faults. But I believe it has ever been the object of all its proprietors so to conduct it as to serve the best interests of morality, religion and humanity.

The other papers of Rutland have been: the Union Whig, first issued in 1849, and published for about two years; the Rutland Courier, first issued August 14, 1857, by John Cain, and continued to to-day; the Rutland Independent, commenced July, 1866, and still continued.

There have also been published at various times and for short periods: the Rural Magazine, a literary publication; the Vermont Courier, the Vermont Farmer, the Guard of American Liberty, What's the News? and several other papers of minor importance.

All these papers have done more or less in moulding the sentiment of the people, and many of them have aided much in forwarding the growth and prosperity of Rutland. And when we look around and witness the virtue and intelligence of our people, who can say their mission has been in vain, or that their "teachings have not been worthy of their immeasurable power," and, judging from the past, who will not feel assured that their future will be one of usefulness?

The following is the response of John Cain, Esq., of the Courier, to the same toast:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: The toast I am called upon to respond to is rather a dry toast, since my neighbor Tuttle, of the Herald has eaten all the butter off, and I will, therefore, like the clergyman who took the brief text, "God is love," expand a little and talk about *old times.*

A long time ago, when Adam and Eve lived in the Garden of Eden, their first born child of all the earth was little Cain. No child was ever born before, and Mother Eve felt proud and delighted. Cain grew up to be quite a boy, and he has been continually raising Cain ever since the day he was born. Cain had a brother by the name of Abel, who was noisy, boisterous, and a very wicked man. He attacked his brother while under the influence of some new cider made from the apples Mrs. Adam advised her husband to eat. Cain, *in self-defense,* slew his brother Abel, and that was the end of him. A short time after, *and according to the laws of nature ever since,* Cain felt inclined to take to himself a wife, and his mother recommended him to go into the land of Nod to do his courting.

Now, Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen, if Adam was the first man and Eve the first woman, there were only three human beings on all the earth after the death of Abel. Why then does Cain go into the land of Nod for the purpose of getting him a wife? Who could he find there? Did Cain and Abel have a sister? Even were this so, what was she doing down in the land of Nod? Why was she not at home with her parents in the Garden of Eden? Who could she have been visiting away off in this land? But whether at home, or off on a visit, does any one believe that she would marry her own brother? This is too horrible to believe, and as we have never heard of the "old folks" making a fuss about Cain taking him a wife, we do not believe in any such theory.

The Rutland Independent once said that Cain got his wife out of a second story window of a brick house, one mile southwest of this place. If this were so, I ought to know something about it, and think it could have no reference whatever to old Cain, the son of Adam and Eve, but to a very remote descendant of theirs, who married some thirty-six years ago, when girls were as plenty as

blackberries. Here present, Mr. President, I see the venerable Elder Packer, 85 years of age. He has married as many couples as any clergyman in Rutland county. I have often asked him to explain to me as to who it was that Cain took for his wife, how long they were courting, and whether Adam and Eve approved of the match? All I could ever learn from him and other divines was that Cain found her in the land of Nod.

As we have met here to-day to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the organization of Rutland as a town, and as

> "A little nonsense now and then
> Is relished by the wisest men,"

I would ask Dr. Todd, Rev. Dr. Butler, Elder Packer and other clergymen here, to search the Scriptures and report to us, at this place, *one hundred years from to-day*, who Cain took for his wife; and as we all claim to be descendants of Cain, whether she was a black woman or a white woman.

To the eleventh toast, *Agriculture*, J. Grafton Griggs was to have responded as follows:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: When I look upon the green pastures of these hillsides, when I wander through the meadows bordered by these beautiful streams, when I see these cottage homes or more stately mansions nestling so sweetly in these happy valleys.—I can hardly believe that only one hundred years ago Rutland was an unbroken wilderness, and had remained so, for aught we know, from the dawn of creation.

Who first came here to subdue this wilderness? What class of men were they? Was it the merchant? Did he come to open trade, with his boxes and bales of goods, with savage hearts and red men more savage? Was it the lawyer? Did he come, with his briefs under one arm and Blackstone under the other, to explain and expound to the bears, wolves and panthers the awful majesty of the law, and how for the consideration of one of their pelts *he* could show them how they could evade that law? Was it the physician? Did he come here, with his pills and potions, offering to row these wild men and beasts over the river Styx at two dollars a stroke of the oar?

No, sir; none of these. It was the agriculturist who came first, and he bore on his shoulder that simple instrument the ax, which,

in New England, has been a mightier implement in civilization then the pen or sword, or both combined. With this he swept away the accumulated rubbish of centuries, and caused the sunlight of heaven to fall unobscured on this virgin soil, giving life and happiness to men!

Mr. President: Do the spirits of departed ones ever visit earth? Do they sometimes come to view the scenes of their sojourn while here? Then, I doubt not, but the souls of Timothy Boardman, James Mead, Zebulon Mead, Wait Chatterton, Maj. Cheney and their associates are hovering within the folds of this pavillion. All honor to their sacred memory! They caused the wilderness to bud and blossom as the rose! They plowed the first furrows in this soil. They sowed in those furrows the seed of that prosperity which we reap to-day.

THE PROMENADE CONCERT.

We copy from the Rutland Herald the following account of the closing exercises of the Centennial Celebration:

The Promenade Concert that was held in the mammoth pavilion, was a fitting "finale" to the Centennial Celebration. The music was excellent, and whatever may be said of Vermont bands, the music furnished last night was of a high order. The pavilion was handsomely decorated and tastily lighted, reflecting great credit upon those that had the matter in charge. When we entered the pavilion, there must have been over a thousand present, still, all had plenty of room, and but for the number of different faces one would meet in a promenade, we would say that there were few present.

Dancing commenced at 10 o'clock, and was entered into with a zest that was refreshing. Everybody danced, old and young, rich and poor, high and low. Dancing was indeed the order of the night! We saw many that had not tried the "mazy measures" in many a long year, again wooing the fickle godess, Terpsichore.

Quite a number figured in the costume of "ye olden time." We

have place only for a few particularly noticeable for the antiqueness of their costume. Miss Merrill wore a white crape dress, spangled, that was worn by Madame Williams at a Commencement Ball at Yale College, in 1808. It was much admired; the dress was itself a study, and brought the costumes and manners of our grandmothers vividly to our eyes. Miss Goldsmith wore a handsome green brocade, over a white wrought muslin, and had her hair in keeping with her dress. Miss Dorr was elaborately dressed in a white satin skirt, with black russet waist and mutton leg sleeves, that were quite overpowering, She wore, in lieu of a necklace, a medallion, as was the fashion long ago. Miss Cain was tastily dressed in a white silk, with a garnet velvet tunic, and was the happy possessor of a medallion. Miss Owen wore a white satin wedding dress, imported from Ireland in 1770. Miss Nott wore a white crape dress, and followed the fashion plates, if they had such things in those days, rigidly. Miss E. Hall was handsomely attired in a green satin, tastily looped over white; the effect was striking. Miss C. Hall wore a black velvet jacket and pink satin dress, with black lace flounces; it was much noticed. Miss Harris was dressed in a striped satin, and wore a yellow silk scarf, and her hair pompadour, as was the fashion long ago. Several ladies personated prim spinsters of bygone times. Huge tortoise combs and large fan, and work bags, were worn with grace.

Messrs. Kingsley, Liscomb, Baxter, Salsbury, etc., represented the Continental soldiery. Messrs. Hathaway, Cross, Dorr, etc., old style gentlemen.

It was a queer sight to see matronly ladies, with caps and spectacles, courtesying and balancing to sack coats and spike tails; Washington's own tried veterans of Valley Forge, doing the "gallant" to demure-looking ladies in scant satin skirts and short waisted dresses; gay old fops dancing those "horrid round dances," as though "sich things" had been known in their day. It was a gay sight, and those that appeared in costume are deserving of a great deal of credit for their pains.

The Centennial was happily terminated. Much has been said, pro and con, in regard to its merits as a whole, but reviewed in the light of its Promenade Concert, it was a success, and one that will "ne'er be forgotten till every rafter in the place is rotten."

ANTIQUARIAN MUSEUM.

As a Memorial of the Centennial of Rutland would be incomplete without a description of the Antiquarian Museum, and the relics therein contained, we give herewith, with a few alterations and corrections, the description thereof as published in the Rutland Daily Herald:

The relic, or memorial department, is in itself a museum of antiquity, and is well worthy of a visit from all who may come to our town during the present week, as well as from our own citizens. For here are found reminders of "our grandfather's days," and of days far more remote; and when we look upon the articles of wearing apparel, of household furniture, the implements of war, agriculture and mechanism used by them, and compare them with those used by us at the present day, we can but wonder how our forefathers existed under such difficulties as they had to contend with, when we consider that with all modern means of livelihood by which we are surrounded, so many of us are still discontent, and feel a void which genius, and the arts and sciences are constantly laboring to fill.

The display is in the building adjoining the Bardwell House Block, which will be open every day during the celebration.

Our attention was first called to the military branch of this museum, and in it to the gun, now the property of Dr. C. L. Allen, which was formerly owned by Gen. Ethan Allen, the leader of the Green Mountain Boys. The gun was owned and used by Ethan Allen about 1760. Ethan Allen and Robert Torrence were intimate friends when they were young men, and exchanged guns for keepsakes. Robert Torrence gave the gun to his grandson, Orleans P. Torrence, from whom it was obtained by its present owner. Beside this gun is one taken from Long John, an Indian, at the Battle of Bennington, by Captain William Jenkins, whom many of our citizens remember as one of the wealthiest men and largest land owners in this section. The Indian afterwards resided here, and is undoubtedly remembered by our oldest citizens. It is the contribution of Miss Isabella M. Brown, which lady makes several valuable contributions to the display, which we shall take occasion to mention hereafter.

Next comes a gun, the barrel of which was carried by Lieutenant

Zebulon Mead in the French and Indian war—was used on Lake Champlain, when Old Put was taken, and was taken into Ticonderoga on the 10th of May, 1775, when Ethen Allen was there, and was carried in the Revolution by Henry Mead. It is the contribution of their descendant, Joel M. Mead.

Besides these guns were a Continental $4.00 bill, a piece of Haytien money, a fragment of a Boston play-bill of March 10th, 1797, by G. C. Hathaway; a musket flint-lock, old Continental, by C. Carpenter; a musket, flint-lock, old, Continental, by Darius Carruth; a musket, flint-lock, old, Continental, by S. Hinckley; a musket, flint-lock, old, Continental, by B. Capron; a musket, flint-lock, 1812, by Mrs. Foster; a musket, flint-lock, old, Continental, A. Buck; a musket, flint-lock, 1812, S. P.; a musket, flint-lock, old, Continental, E. P.; a Queen's arm, old, Continental; a gun, T. S. Gilson; a breech-loading musket, brought from Quebec, Louis Martell; a gun, old, by Amos Pike; a gun, old, by S. Hinckley; a Continental sword, by same; a Continental sword, old, by L. Long; a sword found on the farm of William Lincoln, in Shrewsbury, about 1800, supposed to have belonged to some one of Burgoyne's officers, it being found where it is supposed his army crossed the mountain, by Parkhurst; a sword, captured from the Hessians by Gen. Stark, at the Battle of Bennington, and now owned by his sister's daughter, by J. C. Dunn; a sword captured from the Hessians at the Battle of Bennington, by Jonathan Warren; a Scotch sword, by James Thompson; a sword, old, by Wm. L. Dyer; a English sword, captured at the South, by — Peverly; a pair horse pistols, old, by Azor Capron; a cartridge box, by Jonathan Warren; a powder-horn, very old, by J. Warren; a powder-horn, by James Pooler; a powder-flask, by Eli Farmer; a powder-horn, used by Captain Jenkins in the war of 1812; a powder-horn, seventy-five years old, by A. S. Cramton; a pair horse pistols, which belonged to Captain Jenkins, 100 years old or more; a military hat, very old, by J. Warren; a Captain's hat, 80 years old, used by Captain Bachot, by J. C. Dunn; a pair saddle-bags, over 90 years old, by A. Reed; a pair saddle-bags, old, by A. Capron; a Hessian coat and hat, by H. R. Dyer; a "Red Coat," by A. Capron; a Indian frock, captured from the Indians at the time of the massacre in Iowa, Peverly.

In ancient books and periodicals, we noticed a Bible 109 years old, used by Mrs. H. H. Albee's great grandfather; Vols. 10, 11 and 12 of Spooner's Vermont Journal, printed in Windsor in 1792–3–4, presented by M. Cook; Copies of the Rutland Herald of 1808, 1820, and 1827, and Burlington Centinel of 1812, by Horace Kingsley; a Dictionary dated 1777, by T. K. Horton; a Geography dated 1797, by J. Carruth; a Geography, 1789, by the same; a book, "Kingdom of Algiers," very old, by Mrs. H. H. Albee; a parchment indenture, made in 1785, by Eli Farmer; a bundle of writs of 1815, and a shinplaster issued by Vermont Glass Factory of Salisbury, of the denomination of $1.75, dated 1814, by William Y. Ripley; a copy of Spooner's Vermont Journal, of 1799, by G. C. Hathaway, and a Vermont Gazette of 1799, by the same; a Psalm book 105 years old, by Dr. J. D. Green; a book entitled, "Christ, the King Witness of Truth," dated 1744, by H. H. Paine; a singing book of 1708, by the same; Edinburgh Dispensatory of 1805, by Dr. C. Porter; Treatises of 1750, by H. W. Porter; a Book of sermons, very old, by A. H. Post; five Books of Moses, 1737, by Miss Pierpoint; a work of John Knox's Writings, owned by James Ferguson, of Barnet—the owner being now past 99 years of age, and the book over 300 years old, presented by J. C. Dunn, of Rutland.

Passing this department, we take up a case that stands next in order, and find in it a soup turreen, and a wash-bowl and pitcher, by Mrs. C. B. Davis; a sugar bowl, very old, by Jonathan Warren; a pitcher, 113 years old, owned by Addison Buck; 1 sugar-bowl and creamer, very old, by Mrs. P. M. Lamphear; one gravy dish, over 100 years old, by Mrs. Buckham; a turtle-shell imitation crockery plate, by Mrs. G. A. R. Bissell, which was her father's grandfather's, and now over 200 years old; a tea cup, 140 years old, by Dr. Cyrus Porter; a slop-bowl and plate, by Mrs. Sarah T. French, which her grandmother had at the time of her marriage, 108 years ago; one plate, very old, by Miss Mary Baxter; one china tea cup and saucer, 150 years old, came from Holland, by the same; a punch tumbler, very handsome and old, also a wine glass and hand bellows, all very old, by the same lady; a set of china purchased 50 years ago, by Miss Isabella M. Brown, the former property of and purchased by her mother; one china creamer, 80

years old, by the same; one china child's cup, very old, by the same; one cream pitcher, 130 years old, by Miss Pierpoint; one mug, 115 years old, by A. S. Cook, of Brandon; one pepper-box, 85 years old, by Charles J. Randall; one pewter porringer, 110 years old, by Mrs. Cyrus Porter, and a silver-plated lamp, 60 years old, by the same; an ink-stand, 108 years old, by A. B. Jones; six teapots, of ancient patterns, age unknown, and a spittoon, also very old, by Dunn, Sawyer & Co.; a teapot, sugar-bowl and creamer, 86 years old, by J. G. Pitkin; a spy glass, very aged, and known to have been used by mariners in olden times, also a tinder-box used by Capt. Ebenezer Markham, going through the woods from Maine to Nova Scotia in 1796; a pair of silk stockings worn by Captain Markham, February 7th, 1775, on the occasion of his marriage; a vest worn by him two years earlier; a frisk worn by Mrs. Markham before her marriage; a waist worn by the same lady, and a set of coin balances used by Capt. Markham in the West Indies in 1768, all presented by J. B. Spaulding, who likewise shows a baby's shirt worn by the late Hon. Isaac Kellogg in 1776. Then there is a bull's-eye lantern, very old, by Dunn, Sawyer & Co.; a wooden sugar-bowl, 125 years old, by Mrs. H. Glynn; a fish spear, very old, by Miss Pierpoint; several stone arrow-heads, by A. H. Post; one by James Buckham, picked up 60 years ago; two wooden arrows, feather-tipped and steel-pointed, taken, with fifteen others, from the body of a soldier; they were shot into him by the Indians during the late war in the Rocky Mountains, and brought home by William A. Blossom, son of William R. Blossom, of Pittsfield, Vt., who was a soldier in the late rebellion; one very old timepiece, by H. L. Gray; a dagger, very old, by A. H. Post; a cocoanut tunnel, 97 years old, by D. Hall; three spectacles and cases, one 100 years old, one 107 years old, one 115 years old; a handkerchief-bag, 80 years old, a nightcap, 80 years old, a pocket, 80 years old, a collar, very old, all by Mrs. Nathan Howard; a tortoise-shell back comb, very old, by Mrs. Isaac McDaniels, and two of the same by Mrs. Cyrus Porter; a cane by S. Hinckley, which was the property of the great grandfather of Gilbert Breed, and now known to be over 200 years old; a mirror, known to be over 215 years old, and now in the hands of the fourth generation, by J. C. Dunn; a mirror,

which was brought over in the Mayflower, by D. K. Hall; a razor and case, over 80 years old, by Friend Weeks.

In other parts of the room we noticed one tray, made in England 150 years ago, by Miss I. M. Brown; one birch bark basket, made by an Indian named "Long John," by the same; two pitch forks, very old, by James McConnell; a bit stock, 1782, by T. A. Boardman; a pod auger, 105 years old, by Oliver Tinney; a pewter plate and tea salver, over 100 years old, by R. E. Pattison; a pewter plate, 60 years old, by F. A. Burk; a wooden plate and pewter plate, 70 years old, A. Reed; three pewter plates, very old, by L—— R——; five pewter plates, very old, by S. G. Dunton; a pewter plate and basin, very old, Mrs. E. W. Huntoon; two pewter dishes, 1776, by A. B. Allen; a pewter plate, one of a set buried at the time of Burgoyne's surrender, remaining buried 52 years on the farm in Addison, Vt., known as the late Hon. John Story's farm, by J. B. Spaulding; a pewter plate, very old, by Mrs. Ira Fisher; an 18-inch pewter platter, belonging to Miss I. M. Brown's father's great aunt, very old, by Miss I. M. Brown; a tea tray, very old, by the same; a pewter mug, 95 years old, by Miner Hilliard; a whetstone, very old, by the same; a wooden skimmer, 105 years old, by F. Weeks; a pewter platter very old, by D. S. Squires; a pewter plate and two spoons, by Mrs. B. Parker; a foot-stove, 100 years or more old, by J. Haskell; a brass kettle, 95 years old, by E. Boardman; a brass kettle, 137 years old, by T. L. Fisk; an earthen arm flask, 97 years old, by A. Reed; a pipe and tobacco box, 80 years old, by Mrs. Nathan Howard; a wooden salt morter, 150 years old, by Mrs. Caswell; a wooden mortar, 100 years old by F. Weeks; an iron kettle, over 100 years old, by Miss Pierpoint; a brass dish and warming-pan, very old, by S. G. Dunton; an ax, used by the great grandfather of John C. Thompson, which has passed down three generations, by A. H. Post; the eye and tongue of the old court house bell, taken from the ruins, by C. Carpenter; a table, chair and trunk that was J. C. Dunn's mother's grandmother's, very old, by J. C. Dunn; two old silk hats, by Dr. C. Porter; two chairs, of a set used in the first State House in the State of Vermont, located in Rutland, on West street, in the dwelling more recently known as the Jenkins farm house, it being 86 years since it was used for

the sittings of the Legislature; a chair manufactured 97 years ago at Portsmouth, N. H., by S. D. Peverly; a large arm chair, 110 years old, by Joseph Tower; a double chair, very old, by James McConnell; a wagon-chair, 60 years old, H. Mussey; two upholstered Gothic chairs, 60 years old, by Cyrus Porter; a pair swifts, 87 years old, Miss Pierpoint; a small, round dining table, used by Capt. Jenkins, 90 years old; a work-basket, very old, Miss Pierpoint; a large basket, old, by the same; a hair trunk which was used by Capt. Jenkins when a young man, it is 50 years since he died, at the age of 67 years. An iron pot, 90 years old, taken by the Indians at the burning of Royalton; an arm-chair, 100 years old, by James Holden; a chair, 107 years old, J. C. Dunn; an arm-chair, 120 years old, Eli Farmer; an arm-chair, very old, Mr. Haskell; a rocking-chair, 70 years old, R. L. Perkins; a small spinning-wheel, 75 years old, F. Weeks; a small spinning-wheel, very old, S. Green; a double linen-wheel, 127 years old, by A. H. Post; a wheel-head, over 100 years old, Mrs. B. Parker; a pair of swifts, 86 years old, by Joseph Tower; a plastering trowel, and a coffee-mill, 107 years old, by F. Weeks; a dish tub, very old, Miss Pierpoint; a grain-riddle, very old, D. S. Squires; a pair shoe-buckles, 100 years old, by the same; an adze, very old, by James McConnell; a pair of wooden shoes, by B. Tilley; a warming-pan, 125 years old, by D. S. Squires; a warming-pan, 150 years old, Mrs. Carswell; two grind-stones, old, Dunn, Sawyer & Co.; two worsted combs, over 100 years old, James McConnell; two worsted combs, 100 years old, by D. S. Squires; an hetchell, 100 years old, James McConnell; an hetchell, very old, M. Hilliard; an hetchell, 65 years old, by Levi Long; a tape loom, 100 years old, James McConnell; two loom reeds, 92 years old, James McConnell; a pair of cards, 80 years old, Mrs. Sarah Tower; two planes and veenering saws, very old, N. J. Green; a pair of andirons, 60 years old, Dr. C. Porter; a flax-brake, 70 years old, Henry Mussey; one hand fan, 100 years old, D. H. Squires; one flax-brake, very old, Azor Capron; one wooden plow, made by Stephen Holt, of Pittsfield, the first settler of that town, and one wooden plow, 100 years old; one large plow, very old, by A. H. Post; one long handled hay-fork, very old, by James McConnell; one wooden box, made by the Indians, and found in an old building at Comstock's Landing 25 years ago, McDuie; one loom shut-

tle, very old, used by J. C. Dunn's great grandmother, by J. C Dunn; one pair of moccasins, very old, by the same; part of a wedding dress of Mrs. Noah Thompson, formerly of Bridgewater, made with her own hands from flax, in the year 1766, by Stillman Atwood; one christening blanket for children, 175 years old—it was once lined with pink silk and bound with braid; one linen pocket handkerchief, old, S. G. Dunton; one wooden tea-tray, very old, history unknown, Mrs. Rufus Long; one silk shawl, very old, Miss I. M. Brown; one piece copper plate, 90 years old, T. K. Horton; one blanket, 115 years old, brought from Holland by Miss Brown's great grandmother, by Miss I. M. Brown; one coverlid, supposed to be 125 years old, and was the property of Mrs. J. C. Thompson's great grandmother, J. C. Thompson; one tin baker, very old, the property of the late Robert Pierpoint; one letter, July 5th, 1784, by G. C. Hathaway; one genuine authograph of Sir John Franklin, by A. A. Nicholson; one frame containing a New Hampshire $4.00, 1780; and also a striped worsted vest, made by Jennette Riche, in Scotland, in 1740, for her intended husband, Andrew Lackey. She also made a wedding-dress at the same time, and her husband's vest was patched with her dress. It was brought from Glasgow to this country in the year 1783, by James Ferguson, and his wife and three children, in the ship Laura Campden, Capt.. Gildrist in command. They were bound for Philadelphia; 300 Irish and 40 Scotch aboard the vessel, and were nine weeks crossing the ocean, and the vessel run aground near Newcastle, Delaware; the 40 Scotch landed, and walked 40 miles to Philadelphia. It is now owned by James Ferguson, of Barnet, Vt., the grandson of Andrew Lackey and Jennette Riche. A Commission to Lieut. William Dyer in the Vermont Militia, in 1812, signed by Jonas Galusha, Governor; also a portrait of Samuel Dyer, a soldier of the Revolution, painted in 1845, and his account book, commenced at Cranston, R. I., in 1784, and closed at Chester, in this State, in 1814, exhibited by James H. Dyer, grandson of William, and great-grandson of Samuel Dyer. A twenty dollar bill on the Bank of Plattsburgh, contributed by Rodney Pierce, of Brandon, who has had it in his possession 50 years; he received it at par just before the bank failed. A Bible, owned by James Mead, first settler of the town, contributed by R. R. Mead, it was printed

in 1791; a copy of Virgil, printed in 1515, edited by Sebastian Brant, and containing 204 very curious wood cuts, and an English version of Homer's Iliad, by George Chapman, printed in 1610, both contributed by Judah Dana; H. R. Dyer contributes a pocket-book and papers, 101 years old; Maria Cook, a lot of bills dated 1816; "The History of the Low Countrey Warres," printed in 1650; The Social Harp, printed in 1801; Travel in Germany and Elsewhere, printed in 1454; a paper of 1795, and an Almanac of 1798, by C. Carpenter; a letter written by Nicholas Goddard of this place in 1797; a bottle presented at the battle of Bennington to Jonathan Haynes, grandfather of B. H. Haynes, by a Hessian; a punch bowl 90 years old by F. B. Eustis; a picture of Gen. Israel Putnam, very old and dingy; a picture of Mrs. Rebekah Freeman of this town, who died in 1862, aged 97, taken when she was 91 years old, with various other books, pictures and literary curiosities, mostly Bibles and prayer books, showing our forefathers to be a godly people.

Among other attractive articles on exhibition were a chair formerly owned by John Adams of Killingby, Conn., great-grandfather of Amasa Pooler, by whom it was presented; the wedding apron of Abigail Leonard, wife of Rev. Warham Williams, married in 1728, and also five silver table spoons, a part of her marriage portion (Rev. Warham Williams was son of Rev. John Williams, taken captive at Deerfield, Mass., 1704, and brother of Eunice Williams, grandmother of Rev. Eleazer Williams, celebrated as the Dauphin, or "Lost Prince," and supposed by many to be really the son of the unfortunate Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette of France.) Also table and tea spoons belonging to Rev. Samuel Williams and his wife, Jane Kilborn Williams, married in 1768. All these articles were brought to Rutland in 1792, by Rev. Samuel Williams, and now owned and contributed by Mrs. John Strong of this town. (Rev. Samuel Williams was the historian of Vermont, and founder and first editor of the Herald.) Here also was a "letter written by our blessed Savior, Jesus Christ, found under a great stone, 65 years after his crucifixion," and reprinted in London in 1791; a smoking tongs, brought from England before the Revolutionary war, by Rev. Mr. Carpenter, owned by J. B. Kilburn; a powder horn 112 years old, by H. Bateman; a dentist's turnkey, 1720,

owned by Dr. Cochran, West Rutland; a tobacco box, 1760, containing knee buckles, sleeve buckles, and an ancient coin once worn about the neck of an ancestor, placed there by a "seventh son" as a charm against "Kings' evil," by Dr. Cochran. The Doctor also has a compass of the make of 1720, and a fine looking side saddle, labeled "hands off" (for which we commend him), as well as other relics which contributed to make up the exhibition; a blanket 125 years old, owned by Mrs. J. C. Thompson; an iron pot 99 years old, taken by the Indians at the burning of Royalton, owned by A. H. Post; a walking cane, a peculiar looking affair throughout—it was made of wood from the rebel steamer "Merrimac," headed by a miniature cannon made from brass from the "Congress," and surmounted by an iron head made from the iron of the "Cumberland." It will be remembered that the Congress and Cumberland were sunk by the Merrimac near Fortress Monroe in 1862, and finally that the monster rebel ram was driven back to her quarters up the James River, as well as her consorts, the Jamestown and Yorktown, by the little so-called Yankee cheese-box, "the Monitor"); a plate brought from China 150 years ago, and used by the great-grandfather of Mrs. J. N. Baxter, with a curious monogram "O. E. C." in center; hatter's cooling iron, the one with which Anthony killed Green in a hat shop on Main street, Rutland, 1814, owned by Dr. Orel Cook; a brass pan brought to this country by Roger Williams.

In the jewelry department were many objects which we considered more than noticeable, among them a clock made in 1580, presented by Dr. Abell, the astronomer, to Ben K. Chase, Rutland; Gen. Stark's dram cup, presented to him by Hannah Dalton; locket with portrait and hairwork, contributed by Mrs. Baxter; a pair of knee buckles worn by Prince Robinson, of Washington's Black Regiment; a pin ball made in 1768; a key and seal worn by Judge Briggs about 70 years ago; knee buckles worn by Major Post 105 years ago; a pencil carried by Daniel Webster 30 years ago; a silver spoon formerly the property of Sybil Huntington; a slipper worn by Sally Cluff over 100 years ago; a sun-glass over 100 years old; a pair of spoons 100 years old, the property of Mary Young; spoons made by Lord & Goddard of Rutland, its first jewelers; a spoon presented by Gen. Israel Putnam to his oldest daughter on

her marriage, about 106 years since; spoons 109 years old; a shirt brooch, L. L. Whitcomb; a watch made in 1785; sleeve buttons made in Scotland; buttons worn in 1759 by Mehitable Sperry; sleeve buttons worn 68 years, by A. Chase and 109 years old; a shirt brooch made in 1773; shell cased watch worn by John Hancock, made in 1676; celebrated watch "Tempter," made between 1775 and 1800; Washington watch; English watch made in 1803; alarm watch bought in 1820 by Wm. Cawley; a gold Macedonian coin known as a double drachma, whose value when coined was $3.33. It is 2,200 years old, and as Lysimachus, tutor of Alexander and one of his great generals, caused gold coin to be stricken with the portrait of his great master on them, and from the near resemblance of the head on this coin to the bust of Alexander found at Tivoli, the ancient Tiber, in the year A. D. 1779, it may with certainty be regarded as a genuine portrait of Alexander the Great, and hence possesses a value to the lover of antiquity impossible to compute; a solid silver flagon 102 years old, the property of Mrs. Jane Kilborn Williams, contributed by Mrs. Gov. Williams; a table spoon 146 years old, the property of Mrs. Leonard, contributed by Mrs. Gov. Williams; two tea spoons formerly owned by Miss Jane Kilborn, now owned by Mrs. Gov. Williams; a sugar tongs 102 years old, formerly owned by Mrs. Jane Kilborn Williams, contributed by Mrs. Gov. Williams; a pin, carrings and sleeve buttons, 102 years old, belonging to Mrs. Gov. Williams; a plate belonging to Mrs. Sikes, great aunt to Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands, 120 years old; two pairs of shoe buckles, 125 years old, owned by Mrs. Gov. Williams; a pair of ear rings worn by Phineas Pratt of New Ipswich, N. H., about 1780, contributed by Mary E. Ripley; a shirt and sleeve buttons worn by Surgeon Hodges when on Washington's staff, contributed by Hugh H. Baxter; a breastpin, 1785, Mrs. Howard; a ring, style of 1785; a bull's eye watch, made in 1720; a belt plate worn by Gen. Elias Buell of Albany, in 1779.

Returning to the general department we found an hour-glass of 100 years ago, the contribution of Eli Farmer; the Ulster Co. Gazette of January 4, 1800; the Northern Spectator, printed in Poultney in 1826; an ancient and modern suit of clothes by Mr. Watkins; a pair of vases, known to be 1000 years old, and their

history was lost, believed to be very ancient, presented by a Mandarin (Chinaman) to W. Y. Ripley some years since; a pair of stays worn of Mrs. Capt. Jenkins in 1785, contributed by Miss Isabella M. Brown; a wedding vest, by W. Y. Ripley; a pistol carried by Gen. Washington as late as 1776, a piece of gun and balls found after the battle of White Plains, and a looking-glass owned by Mary Chilson, the first white woman in America north of the old Mason and Dixon line, contributed by Ezra Edson of Manchester; a bonnet presented by James McConnell, of the fashion of 1830—an old scoop, but not a "love" of the present day; a worsted comb used by the grandmother of O. H. Rounds in Scituate, R. I., 125 years ago; an embroided skirt 60 years old, by Mrs. L. G. Kingsley. The contribution of John Cain, made for his son, Capt. Avery B. Cain of the U. S. army, who for years has been in army life on the frontier, was noticeable, and attracted more handling by visitors than it would were it ours. It consisted of a pipe of peace presented by Red Cloud, two arrows captured from the Cheyennes in battle, needle cases made by Sioux squaws, pantaloon stripes worn by a Sioux chief, match safe, tobacco box, pouch and beads, by the same tribe, a blanket and earrings presented Capt. Cain by the Navajoes. Near by this collection was a sampler worked in 1800 by Mrs. Avery Billings of this town, the contribution of Miss Kate Connell; James Buckman's coat, worn at his wedding in 1778, a coarse article of goods, but which cost $8 per yard at the time of its purchase, was shown by J. C. Dunn; a quilt 125 years old, and a coat worn by Chapman Mattison 82 years ago, was furnished by O. H. Rounds; a fox muff bought in Albany in 1782, and beside it a set of mink furs, said to be old (which we doubted); an infant's dress skirt made in 1808, shown by E. B. Holden; a breastplate picked up by Christopher Rice of this town on a rebel battle field, and worn by him, after the derision of his comrades, at the battle of Locust Grove, where it was struck by a ball which would undoubtedly have penetrated the wearer's vitals but for it. The ball flattened is shown with the plate.

Passing along, we came to an oil painting of Major Eaton, and beside it one of his wife, both made 85 years ago, and in the same department an oil painting of Nathaniel Gove, and adjoining it those of Jesse Gove and his wife; an embroidered picture made

by Mrs. J. C. R. Dorr's grandmother in France, over one hundred years ago; bills of the old Vermont State Bank, a bill on the Bank of Windsor, very old, and one on the Franklin Bank of Boston, were presented by Judah Dana; a bunch of arrows, with their quiver, taken from a Sioux chief in battle by Capt. Wm. J. Cain, another son of our neighbor of the Courier, and by him presented to Master Hugh Baxter; and a copy of the New England Courant, published February 11th, 1723, owned by Joseph Adams of Cavendish, and presented by Newman Weeks; also copies of the first volumes of the Rutland Herald, by a gentleman from Saratoga, whose name we did not learn; and an important document, a charter signed by Cadwallader Colden, Lieut. Governor of New York, to Nathan Stone and others of a township of land in lieu of Rutland, which had been granted to them by the Governor of New Hampshire, and afterward chartered by the Government of New York to other parties, dated July 15th, 1774, belonging to Chauncy K. Williams.

In our further peregrinations of the hall we observed saddles and harnesses as old as 80 years, bedspreads, quilts, handkerchiefs, agricultural implements, and various other things which we would like to mention, but which we have neither time nor space to do, and which for aught more we can do must pass into oblivion.

THE PAVILION.

The Pavilion or tent in which the dinner was served, and in which was held the Promenade Concert, was situate on the lot purchased by the town, on which to erect a Town Hall, on the south side, and at the foot of Washington street. It was two hundred and ten feet long by sixty-six feet wide, and fully capable of seating three thousand persons. The walls were nine feet high, and the roof some twenty-five feet at the ridge, the whole supported by six stout masts. From the ridge of the roof to the top of the wall on the sides were hung streamers of alternate red and white bunting at close intervals, while on the ends were numerous streamers, emblematic of the national ensign, carried out from the centre at the top down to either corner. Around the tent, at the

top of the wall, were interwoven stripes of red and white bunting, which hung gracefully, and were at once ornamental and attractive. About the middle of the tent, and in front of the stage, from the roof depended the stars and stripes, on either side of which, and extending to both ends, were hung numerous flags and banners of various nations. The platform was in the center, on the west side, and in full view and easy hearing distance of all parts of the house. For the purpose of lighting it in the evening, pipes were laid and connected with the gas works, and to these were attached one hundred and thirty-eight burners, some of which were arranged in the form of stars.

DECORATIONS.

The following is substantially the Herald account:

The decorations on account of the Centennial Celebration were extremely appropriate in every respect, and reflected honor upon our citizens, who thus evinced their determination to contribute to celebrating the anniversary of the settlement which gave our town a name and place in history second to none in our commonwealth.

One of the most beautifully decorated buildings in the place was the Opera House, whose inner appearance, with flags, streamers, mottoes, coats of arms, shields, evergreens, flowers and other ornaments decking the walls, ceilings, stage, galleries, and every available place for such ornamentations, made it resplendent with beauty and admired by all who entered it during the week. Externally the building was proportionately beautified, flags and banners being displayed from every window and appropriately hung on the walls and over the door. Extending across the street from the Opera House was a line of flags, in the center of which was a tablet in the shape of a shield, with the inscription on the side, "*Washington promulgated our principles, Warren died in their defense—we intend to perpetuate them.*" On the reverse of the tablet was, "*The Memories of the Fathers are the Inspiration of her Sons,*" the whole bordered with the Stars and Stripes.

In the tent, besides the decorations we have already mentioned, we could not but notice behind the stage a painting which was a

globe resting on a shield, surmounted by the American eagle, with the motto "*E Pluribus Unum*" in his beak, the whole surrounded by wreaths of the olive branch of peace. On the opposite side of the hall was an allegorical painting of "*America—as it was and is*," and on each of the six masts, besides pictures of some of our elderly and deceased prominent citizens were trophies of flags and the coat of arms of some one of the six New England States. At the Central House a line of flags extended across to Kingsley & Sprague's block, in the center of which was a banner bearing on one side the motto, "*Our Fathers left us the glorious legacy of Liberty—may we transmit it to posterity—have virtue to merit and courage to preserve it*," and on the other side, "*Stain not the glory of your worthy ancestors, but like them resolve never to part with your birthright.*" Other street decorations were made at the foot of Center street, where there was a line extended from the top of Morse's block to the Bates House, on which was a banner girded with evergreens and inscribed, "*Welcome to Rutland*," and on either side of it an American flag. Outside of the flag on the left was another of blue and white blocks arranged diagonally, underneath which were the figures "1770," and on the right one of red and white blocks arranged in the same way, with the figures underneath of "1870." Other street decorations were admired which led from Landon's block to Clark's block on Merchant's Row, from the Stevens House diagonally to Verder's block on Center and Wales streets, and from the residence of H. R. Dyer to the Strong mansion on Main street, as well as one at the head of the same street. An arch erected on West street, opposite the old State House, by the members of Nickwacket Engine Company, was very appropriate, and elicited the commendation of members of the procession, and, indeed, of all who passed under it. It was tastefully trimmed with evergreens and flowers, and ornamented with American, Turkish, Irish and State flags, and spoke well for the patriotism of the members of the company who constructed it. Colonel Veazey, who had his own house decorated very finely, appreciating the efforts of the boys, furnished them during the night of their work with edibles and etceteras, for which they desire us to return him this public expression of their thanks. The arch was inscribed, "*Nickwacket No.* 1, *in honor of the old State House.*" The old

State House, the present residence of Martin Spaulding, was ornamented with flags and labeled with a brief history of it from its building to the present time. Of other decorations we can only say that nearly every house and business place along the line of march of the procession showed some emblem of decoration. The ones which most particularly attracted the attention of passers were the Herald building, decorated finely outside and centered with a shield bearing the inscription, "*The Rutland Herald, the oldest paper in Vermont,—established December*, 1794." In the building the stores of Tuttle & Co. and Fenn & Co. had flags displayed in profusion. Morse's block and the building of the National Bank of Rutland had numerous flags displayed, as had also Dr. Pond at his drug store; the same was true of the Bates, Central and Bardwell Houses, the Independent office, Courier office, Paine, Bowman & Co., George H. Palmer, Newman Weeks, Ben K. Chase, George W. Chaplin, H. W. Kingsley, O. W. Currier, Lewis & Fox, Clark Bros. & Marshall, J. W. Stearns and others whom we do not now remember. The establishments of R. M. Cross & Co., B. H. Burt, George W. Hilliard, Allen & Higgins and the Rutland Boot and Shoe Company, were the richest looking on Merchants' Row in this respect, and the ornamentations were pleased to learn proved paying advertisements for their enterprising proprietors. The private residences which looked the best were those of Gen. Wm. Y. W. Ripley, Thomas McLaughlin, J. N. Baxter, B. H. Burt, Martin G. Everts, Mrs. Gov. Williams, Dr. Haynes, George H. Palmer, Geo. C. Royce, Albert H. Tuttle, Rev. E. Mills, Geo. A. Tuttle, H. C. Tuttle, F. C. Sherwin, Charles J. Powers and James Barrett, while at the residences of Henry Hall, Gov. Page and many others whose names and location we cannot here call to mind, very creditable displays of flowers, wreaths and the national bunting were made. In these decorations the good taste and materials of Lamphrell & Marble, practical decorator, of No. 357 Commercial street, Boston, was very apparent.

COL. VEAZEY'S REMARKS.

The response of Col. Wheelock G. Veazey to the second regular toast, and of which an abstract is given in another page, through inadvertence was not received in season for insertion in its regular order, and we therefore give it here.

It is proper to remark that it was expected that the Governor of the State, Judge Poland, and other distinguished citizens of the State would respond to the toast generally, and it was not until almost the last minute that Col. Veazey understood that he was to speak, except to the military part thereof.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

If I were to point you to the greatest glory of Vermont, I think I should direct your view to the wonderful autumnal beauty that now clothes our mountain slopes, so far surpassing anything that art has ever been able to attain. I might properly refer, also, to the healthfulness of our climate, which, with the beauty of her scenery, makes Vermont the resort of the invalid and the tourist.

But there is another aspect in which to speak of our State.

Although Vermont had a settlement many years prior to the date which the charter of the town of Rutland bears, yet it is scarcely a violation of fact to say that our State is a product of the century just closed, which, historically considered, has been more fruitful of great men and great events than any which history chronicles. But, though a product of this wonderful era, her worth, her honor, her importance as a State is measured rather as a producer. In this respect, as in beauty of scenery and healthfulness of climate, she stands pre-eminent. In art, her sons are rapidly taking rank with the most distinguished artists that the western world has produced; in laws and institutions, eminent jurists and statesmen have said, that she presents, on the whole, the best model of any people on earth. This, perhaps, is the best criterion of the purity and ability of the public men who have, under a general guidance of the people, shaped and moulded her laws and institutions. But, independent of this, the character of her executives throughout the entire succession has been the pride of Vermonters. Good government, protection of person and property, freedom of

thought and action, liberty without license, have been the fruits of their faithful administrations.

Among the best products of Vermont, we may safely name her judiciary. The names of Phelps, Royce, Williams, Collamer, Redfield, and many others that have adorned the Bench of Vermont, are among the highest of modern judges. Could we be assured that the century to come will have a judiciary in Vermont equal to that of the century past, it would be the strongest assurance of the preservation of our liberties, and the prosperity of our Commonwealth. Equal in character and ability with her executives and judiciary, stand her statesmen. Indeed, in many instances, the same men have aided to establish and maintain the proud position of Vermont, as governors, judges and legislators. In the civil service, Vermont has never been excelled by any State in the eminence of her public men.

There remains to speak of Vermont on the battle fields of the Republic. And yet the sentiment to which I am called upon to respond, comprehensively covers the whole ground: "Foremost, from Ticonderoga and Plattsburgh to Gettysburg and the Wilderness." Vermont has been called "the legitimate child of war." It is a curious fact of history that the territory now constituting Vermont, was more a battle-ground of fierce aboriginal tribes upon the north, west and south, than a home or possession that any tribe claimed. So, through the Colonial period, it lay in the pathway of British and French armies contending for supremacy in the new world. After this came the contention arising out of the double system of grants from New Hampshire and New York. Resistence to the unwarranted and unjust jurisdiction of New York was the occasion of that military organization known as the Green Mountain Boys, afterwards famed in the great struggle that resulted in severing this nation from an empire, and lifting it to the dignity of independent national existence. The grand figure of Ethan Allen on the heights of Ticonderoga, in the gray of the morning of May 10th, 1775, proclaiming the authority of the Continental Congress, and compelling the first surrender of the British flag "to the coming Republic," has been the inspiration of Vermonters through the succeeding generations. The preservation of the honor and integrity of the Republic has ever been to them the

most glorious cause, the most exalted duty, in the performance of which they have held life as but an idle breath. When they planted our starry flag on the ramparts of the Hessian, at Bennington, the American heart was filled with joy and hope, and the success of the American cause passed from the possible to the probable. When, in 1812, the pestilence of war again breathed upon us, the lines of Vermont flamed along our Northern border, at Plattsburgh, at Niagara, at Crown Point, achieving glory worthy of Ticonderoga and Bennington. In the war with Mexico, though our people were not in full political sympathy with its object, yet when declared, and the national fame became imperiled, partizanship was buried in patriotism, and Vermont furnished her full quota, and contributed the brave and brilliant Ransom to the country's cause.

Next came resistance to the assaults of treason, in which 34,000 Vermonters participated with distinguished honor. They struck the first blow in Virginia. They were the first to enter Richmond. They set an example of gallantry at Lee's Mills that was never surpassed, and Rutland there lost the brave and noble Reynolds. They were firm amid confusion at Bull Run, and their firmness contributed largely to the salvation of Washington. They were patient and persistent amid the disasters of the Peninsula, and through the seven days humilating conflict, never declined a battle, or failed to punish the enemy in every instance of his attack upon them. History will one day record what is now not generally known, that a *son of Rutland, here present, as effectually and surely contributed, by his personal exertions, to save our army from defeat at the desperate battle of Malvern Hill, as Warner contributed to the victory of Bennington. At Fredericksburg, South Mountain and Antietam they bravely bore our banners to victory. At Gettysburg, they stood in the pivotal point of our lines, in that pivotal battle of the war, as firm as the hills of their Green Mountain State, and after three days of stubborn fighting of 200,000 men, they dealt the blow that ended the battle of Gettysburg, which, in brilliancy, is not eclipsed by the resplendent glory that for half a century has steadily rested upon the field of Waterloo. In the Shenandoah Valley, their unyielding presence convinced the gallant Sheridan that he could turn defeat to victory. They were

* Lieutenant Colonel Wm. Y. W. Ripley.

also on that outstretched battle-field, from the Rapidan to the Oppomattox, running through from May to April, where the scythe of death swept as it never swept before, every day garnering up laurels that would have adorned the chaplets of Roman Emperors, in their triumphal returns from the conquest of Empires. They were at Baton Rouge, where another son of Rutland, the gallant Colonel Roberts, fell. They were everywhere, indeed, throughout the vast arena of conflict, making up a record which the most brilliant achievements of war never eclipsed; and, thank God, they never, throughout the four years of fighting, lost a flag. May we not reasonably expect that in all the accomplishments of Vermont in the century to come, she will scarcely, at its end, be able to point to a nobler record than that of her brave sons in the gigantic struggle which resulted in lifting the cruel yoke of slavery from the necks of a race of human beings?

Mr. President, I am mindful that I must close. I have said that the century we are to-day, in a certain sense, reviewing, produced Vermont. Vermont in turn has produced that which, it is said, in the highest sense, constitutes a State, "Men, high-minded men, who know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain!"

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